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THE
GARLAND:
OR
TOKEN OF FRIENDSHIP.

CHRISTMAS AND NEW YEAR'S GIFT

FOR
1849.

EDITED
BY EMILY PERCIVAL.

PROVIDENCE:
PUBLISHED BY CHARLES BURNETT, JR.
1849.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1848,
BY EMILY PERCIVAL.
In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of Massachusetts

PAID

ADVERTISEMENT.

A year ago, in introducing to the public the Garland, as the commencement of a new series of gift books, its editor ventured to predict that it would meet with such favor as would encourage her to make early exertion to give additional interest and attraction to a new volume of the series.

She now has the satisfaction of saying that her highest expectations with regard to its reception by the public have been more than realized; and that the proprietors have in a very generous manner spared no expense in its mechanical department, to aid her in redeeming her original pledge.

She would further add, that should the patronage of an approving public crown the efforts in this, as in the past, she will renew her promise of again appearing in her usual style hereafter.

Boston, *August*, 1848.

(RECAP)

1849

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THE GARLAND.

BY R. H. TAYLOR.

I'LL twine thee a garland to-day
Of the modest wild-wood flowers :
And its simpleness shall convey
A thought of our childhood's hours.
No gaudy flowers shall there be twined
The simple blossoms among ;
None but the flow'rets we used to bind,
In the days when we were young.

When the setting sun's roseate hues
Had fled to the lovely west,
When flowers were drinking the dews,
And the birds had gone to rest ;
And the pale moon's silvery light
Shone over mountain and lea ; —
Together, oft, on such a night,
We 'd roam through the wild-wood free.

And you know the chaplets I wreathed
Were blossoms plucked by the way,
And the mutual thoughts we breathed
Were modest and pure as they ;
Then let me twine no gaudy flowers
In your promised coronet,
That will shame the innocent hours,
Whose memory charms us yet.

JULIET'S TOMB IN VERONA.

BY W. H. HARRISON.

"BUT I assure you, sir," said the cicerone, "that there is nothing to see in it."

"More than in all Verona."

The cicerone shrugged his shoulders, and we continued our way.

There is no town in Italy more interesting in its appearance than Verona. A quiet and venerable melancholy broods over its streets and houses. Its architecture of all forms; its peculiar casements and balconies; the half Gothic, half classic, stamp of its antiquity, have, to my eyes, an inexpressible charm. I think to recognize something Shakespearian in the aspect of the place; it accords well with the memories with which Shakespeare has associated its reverent name; and I own that I trod its motley streets with less respect for its history than for its immortal legend:—for was it not here that the gay Mercutio and the haughty Tybalt ran their brief career?—along these very streets went the masked troop, with their torch-bearers and merry music, on the night that Romeo made himself a guest in the

halls of Capulet and won the heart of the impassioned Juliet! The Gothic lattice, the frequent balcony, the garden seen through the iron gates that close yonder ancient court, do they not all breathe of Romeo—of Shakespeare—of Romance?—of that romance which is steeped in the colors of so passionate, so intoxicating a love, that in order even to comprehend it, we must lift ourselves out of our common and worldly nature—we must rise from what our youth has been made by the arid cares and calculating schemes of life—we must shut ourselves up, as it were, in a chamber of sweet dreams, from which all realities must be rigidly excluded—we must call back to the heart, to the sense, to the whole frame, its first youth—we must feel the blood pass through the veins as an elixir, and imagine that we are yet in that first era of the world, when (according to the Grecian superstition) LOVE was the only deity that existed, and his breath was the religion of creation. Then, and then only, can we acknowledge that the legend of Romeo and Juliet does not pass the limits of nature. For the great characteristic of their love is youth—the sparkling and divine freshness of first years:—its luxuriant imagination—its suddenness and yet its depth—the conceits and phantasies which find common language too tame, and wander into sweet extravagance from the very truth of the pas-

sion,—all this belongs but to the flush and May of life, the beauty of our years—the sunny surface of the golden well. You see at once the *youngness* of that love, if you compare it with the love of Antony and Cleopatra in another and no less wonderful tragedy of the great master. The love, in either, passes the level of human emotions—it is the love of warmer hearts and stronger natures than the world knows. But the one is the love that demands luxury and pomp; it dispenses with glory, but not with magnificence; it lies

“In a pavilion, cloth of gold, of tissue,
O’erpicturing that Venus where we see
The fancy outwork nature.”

Take away the majesty from that love, and it sinks into the gross passion of a hoary dotard and an old coquette. But everything about the love of Juliet is young, pure even in its passion; it does not lose worlds, but it can dispense with the world itself; it asks no purple canopies, no regal feasts; its wine is rich enough without dissolving pearls in its sparkling freshness;—it is precisely that which belongs to the beautiful inexperience of the passionate girl;—it is the incarnation of passion, solely because it is the incarnation of youth. And *there*, in that barn belonging to the convent of the Franciscans, the very convent of the good old friar of the tale—no roof above—the damp

mould below—the broken, oblong sepulchre itself half filled with green water, is the tomb of this being, made as familiar to us by genius, as if she had really moved and lived before us—as if we had gazed upon her in the revel, and listened to her voice from the moonlit balcony. Nothing can equal the sadness and gloom of the spot. On the walls yet remain two old and faded frescos on the religious subjects favored by Italian art: morning and night the dews fall through the roofless hovel, and the melancholy stars gleam on the tomb whence the very dust is gone! It has not even the grandeur of desolation—no splendid sepulchre—no cathedral aisle—no high-arched roof impresses you with awe. A heap of fagots, piled carelessly at one end of the outhouse, proves the little veneration in which the place is held; the spot is desecrated; the old tomb, with its pillow of stone, is but a broken cistern to the eyes of the brethren of the convent! The character of the place is drear, unsanctifying, slovenly, discomfort! Beautiful daughter of the Capulet! none care for thee, thy love, or thy memories, save the strangers from the Far Isle, whom a northern minstrel hath taught to weep for thee! It is this peculiar dreariness, this want of harmony between the spot and the associations, which makes the scene so impressive. The eager, tender, ardent Juliet—every thought a pas-

sion—the very Hebe of Romance, never fated to be old;—and this damp, unregarded hovel, strewn with vile lumber, and profaned to all uses! What a contrast!—what a moral of human affections! Had it been a green spot in some quiet valley, with the holiness of Nature to watch over it, the tomb would have impressed us with sweet, not sorrowful, associations. We should have felt the soft steps of the appropriate spirit of the place, and dreamed back the dreams of poetry, as at Arqua, or in the grotto of Egeria. But there is no poetry here! all is stern and real; the loveliest vision of Shakespeare, surrounded by the hardest scenes of Crabbe. And afar in the city rise the gorgeous tombs of the Scaligers, the family of that Duke of Verona, who is but a pageant, a thing of foil and glitter, in the machinery of that enchanting tale! Ten thousand florins of gold had one of these haughty princes consumed, in order to eclipse, in his own, the magnificence of the tombs of his predecessors. Fretted and arched in all the elaborate tracery of the fourteenth century, those feudal tombs make yet the pride and boast of Verona;—and to Juliet, worth, to the place, all the dukes that ever strutted their hour upon the stage, this gray stone, and this mouldering barn! It is as if to avenge the slight upon her beautiful memory, that we yawn as we gaze upon the tombs of

power, and feel so deep a sympathy with this poor monument of love!

The old woman that showed the place had something in her of the picturesque;—aged, and wrinkled, and hideous;—with her hard hand impatiently stretched out for the petty coin which was to pay for admission to the spot;—she suited well with all the rest! She increased the pathos that belongs to the deserted sanctuary. How little could she feel that nothing in Verona was so precious to the “Zingaro” as this miserable hovel!—“And if it should not be Juliet’s tomb after all!” Out, sceptic! The tradition goes far back. The dull Veronese themselves do not question it! Why should we? We all bear about us the prototype of that scene. That which made the passion and the glory of our youth, the Juliet of the heart, when once it has died and left us, lies not its tomb within us, forgotten and unregarded,—surrounded by the lumber of base ~~cares~~ ^{cares}, polluted by strange and indifferent passers by, (the wishes and desires of more vulgar life,) unheeded, unremembered,—the sole monument which sanctifies the rude and commonplace abode in which it moulders silently away?

THE LONE SEA BEACH.

BY MRS. ABDY.

You say the flowers are springing
In your bowers of summer-bloom,
And the tuneful birds are singing
In the trees around your home ;—
Those scenes once gave me gladness ;
But leave me, I beseech, —
I would rather roam in sadness
On the lone sea beach.

When, in mournful recollection,
I behold past happy hours,
I can only feel dejection
At the sight of birds and flowers ;
But the waves, wild music making,
To my heart submission teach,
As I watch them slowly breaking
On the lone sea beach.

They tell me that the ocean
Of a guardian is possessed,
Who wakes it to commotion,
But to lull it into rest :
Then in patient faith I ponder
On the wisdom of their speech,
And it soothes my grief to wander
On the lone sea beach.

THE HEIRESS.

BY J. C. D.

"WHY is this, dear Constance?" said Agnes Raeburn, as she entered the dressing room of her cousin. "Not yet dressed! and your ornaments scattered about as if some fairy hand had been assisting at your toilet, bringing all the treasures of the East for your acceptance. Yet, now I look again, they rather appear as if flung aside in pettish mood, and yourself, fair lady, most marvelously inclined to despise the vanities of the world, preferring the rest and ease of that luxurious chair to the fatigues of the ball to-night, although you know 'the heiress,' Miss Raeburn, is expected to be queen of the fête."

"And so I do despise the follies of the world, or, if the word please you better, its vanities; not so much, perhaps, for the sad waste of time to those who are its worshippers, as for the wear and tear of the spirits, and even the trial it is to health; but see the gew-gaws which Harrison has strewed over yon table, urging me to make a choice for the evening till my very soul was weary, and I bade her leave me for a while. Ay,

2*

Agnes, for those, and for those only, or at least for the wealth that could command them, should I be singled out from the crowd this night. The mind within seeking to burst the trammels imposed by fashion's laws, and endeavoring to be the thing which God designed for human beings, when he gave them command above the beasts of the field, made them glorious in his own image—the heart beating with all the warm impulses of nature's best feelings; these are nothing worth, these are thoughts and feelings not inquired into. No, 'the heiress' would be sought, caressed—ay, if I were an idiot, the world would be equally at my feet! I am sick—sick at heart, dear Agnes, and already weary of the world's worship. Herbert Selwyn, too! he will be there to-night; he who was the kind friend, the watchful nurse of my poor brother—dear, dear Edward! how highly he estimated him—the soother, the comforter of his dying hour! and yet he, too, has said, 'I must first throw a stake for the heiress.' Oh! would that my aunt had divided her property more equally! is it not dreadful?"

"Not very," replied Agnes, with a bright smile; "I have some idea that *I* could play the heiress very prettily," and she playfully twisted first one ornament and then another among her own dark tresses; "but fortune seldom favors those who would be most inclined to value her."

"Agnes," suddenly exclaimed the hitherto drooping Constance, "let those pearls remain; how well, how handsome, how queen-like you look—wear them to-night,"—and, as her excitement increased, added, "Agnes, if you love me, wear the whole set. We are strangers here—you shall be introduced as the heiress, and I your dear cousin and friend."

"But suppose," said Agnes, archly, "suppose that in my assumed character I should chance to catch, not only a stray glance, but the heart of a certain youth, whom report says many have tried to win, in vain, because—he 'waited for the heiress'—therefore, remember I warn you well, that chaff has drawn many an older bird than he into the fowler's net; and with the aid of these gew-gaws, as you term them, I really think I may make a very presentable thing, particularly with the title of the rich Miss Raeburn pertaining thereto;" and the light-hearted girl turned her bright, laughing eyes upon her companion, adding, "Come, come, Constance, rouse yourself, and be what you really are, above the nonsense, and——"

"Stay," interrupted Constance; "the whim, though sudden, has taken firm possession, and if you love me, you will appear this evening as Miss Raeburn; our names are so far alike, and it is only for me to address you also as Constance,

and mystify the good people, and then we deceive not others further. Now you go more richly dressed, and take the lead, as an elder cousin should do; for you know you are my senior in years, or rather months, for I believe you both laughed and cried for full three months before I could join in either. If people then choose to mark you out as the gifted one, let us embrace the only opportunity chance may afford us, of ascertaining our respective merits, or, I suppose, I ought to say charms, for our merits, alas! can scarcely find space to display themselves in the narrow limits of a ball-room."

"Narrow as the space may be," observed Agnes, "you seem to think men's minds might be still more contracted; crushed, probably, into the exact size necessary for the duties of the evening."

"Why, really," said Constance, smiling at the conceit, "if we were to measure men's minds by the rule of the ball room only, the most charitable conclusion would be, that they are of an elastic mould, which admits of expansion when released from the heated atmosphere. But you know my delight in tracing character, and I should like—it would interest—amuse me so much—to observe how this said Herbert Selwyn deports himself to the supposed heiress."

"How like the postscript to a woman's letter!"

exclaimed Agnes, "the truth peeping out at the last. Ah! Constance, Constance! it is not then the folly or heartlessness of the world you so much condemn; the fact is, your poor brother in his letters so exalted, almost deified this 'observed of all observers,' that you wish, yet dread to prove him to be but mortal. This is beneath you, Constance, and I would rouse you to a more healthful state of feeling."

Constance shook her head, but remained firm in her project. Mrs. Holmsby made but slight opposition to the plan, considering it a mere youthful frolic of the cousins; nor did Agnes guess how much the feelings of Constance were really interested in the result. The letters of her brother, to whom she had been warmly attached, were ever filled with encomiums of his friend, and since his death, the image of Herbert Selwyn had rested within her memory, as though he had been a part of him whom she mourned. She felt as if the regard hitherto bestowed upon his friend came as a legacy to her, charged with a just debt. He had in his last letter besought her to look upon Herbert as a brother restored to her, should time or chance forward their meeting; and had Herbert presented himself before her at that time, she would have taken his hand as such, without a thought of a nearer tie, or that worldly speculations could ever enter into the

compact. But two years had elapsed, and Constance, though young and naturally unsuspicious, had been compelled to acknowledge that self-interest was the ruling principle of the many. She was then a gentle, simple-minded girl, who had scarcely moved beyond the boundaries of her home; but now that, by an aunt's will, she had become possessor of much that the world covets, she had mingled with that world, and, alas! had proved its emptiness. Oh, pity 't is when the young heart first learns to distrust; the lesson is, perhaps, at first difficult to comprehend; it requires repeated study; but when once overcome, how far more difficult to forget: Proteus-like, it comes in every form, and lurks in every corner of that bosom where once it gains an entrance. She had been addressed by needy lordlings, who touched not her heart, for they sought it not; her wealth was the beacon for which they steered, forgetting that it could only be reached through her affections; and each discarded one only served to prove more clearly that it was their betting-books, and not their hearts, that had sustained a loss. This it was that drew forth the bitter taunt—"If I were an idiot, they would still be at my feet."

The day our tale commences, Constance had heard of the arrival of Captain Selwyn, and rejoiced in the hope of meeting the cherished

friend of her brother; but while in the library, waiting Mrs. Holmsby's selection of some books, she overheard a young man, in laughing mood, reply to the badinage of others—"No, no, I shall make no such rash promises; I fall in love at no man's bidding; Lady Ellen is very pretty, I grant, but I must first throw a cast for the heiress."

"You are right there," said one of the party, in an Irish accent, "they say Lady Ellen's father employs such a rascally tailor, that the poor fellow has not a pocket that will hould a tinpenny."

A hearty laugh followed the attempt at wit, and Constance, with burning cheek and beating heart, was glad to escape notice by quitting the room; but the anticipated pleasure for the evening was gone. A heavy cloud overshadowed the bright vision she had painted. Herbert thought not of her as the sister of one whom he had loved—not as the friend he had once hoped to obtain, and for which privilege he had put in his claim when endeavoring to soothe his last agony. No, it was only as the *heiress* he wished to greet her; while *she* had so long, so earnestly desired to meet him, if only to bless him for that dear brother's sake. Her heart felt crushed, all kindly feeling driven back to the inmost recesses, there to dwell in silence, mortification, and sorrow. It was in this mood that Agnes found her on the

eye in question. Her first impulse had been —“ he shall not see me, I will not go to the ball, and to-morrow I will return to Ellersleigh.” Then arose the foolish whim that Agnes, bearing the same name, might pass for the “ lady of Ellersleigh,” while she might still mingle in the gay circle ; and she then became as anxious for the hour of meeting as she had hitherto been reluctant.

Captain Selwyn, as was expected, soon sought an introduction to Mrs. Holmsby, and by her was led towards the blushing Agnes. It was not a time nor place to allude to hours of sorrow, and with the brief remark that he “ felt as if he had met with an old friend,” Agnes was relieved from the painful position of affecting to mourn a brother whom she had not lost ; nor, indeed, did the bright-eyed girl at his side recall to his mind one feature his fancy had traced as the fair, sorrow-stricken mourner. But if he found her not what he had expected, she was not the less interesting to him, nor was her striking beauty less appreciated. *One* look at the supposed heiress was not sufficient, for he hovered near her the greater part of the evening, and it was not till nearly at its close that he was introduced to the cousin Constance, whose only ornament was a wreath of wild roses in her hair. He almost smiled at the contrast ; it was the radiant lily and

the pale flower of the valley, the one commanding admiration, the other seeking protection. There were few days during the ensuing week in which he did not find some plea for calling on the cousins—to restore a fan, to claim a lost cane, or to urge a sail in his friend Aylmer's yacht; and the tried friend of the brother could not be unwelcome to the sister. Agnes was all life and brilliancy, while Constance, pale and listless, was generally occupied in drawing, or bending over her embroidery, taking but little share in the conversation, unless referred to by Captain Selwyn, which he was rather pertinacious in doing, though it was often to support him against the lively attacks of Agnes, to whom his chief attention was given as her due.

More than a fortnight had passed since the eventful night of the ball, and Constance sat alone. Her brow was clouded, for thought was busy within. Had she acted rightly towards Agnes, Herbert, or herself? No; for deception, be the motive what it may, cannot, in itself, be right; and what had been the result of hers? All the pleasures she might have so richly enjoyed in the society of one so estimable, so cheerful—one who seemed to fling aside the dark shadows of the world as he walked with steady yet buoyant step through the paths which nature called her own—all was utterly destroyed—a

life of painful and continued restraint, with a dread lest aught should lead to a discovery of the trick that had been played. She had never for a moment thought of further deception than for the evening; but all deviations from truth go upon the *sliding scale*, and to her dismay she found how impossible it was to undeceive, without acknowledging the cause; thus proving how one simple error may lead to much future evil, nor can it be said, "so far shall it go, and no farther;" for its effects may extend to many; and then came the dread lest poor Agnes should suffer in her affections; for Constance dreamed not that woman's heart could resist the influence of Herbert's attractions, where he sought to gain it; and, oh misery! if Agnes had been drawn into the net, the victim of her folly! At present the spirits of her cousin were apparently wild and boundless as childhood's dream of life; but the trial was not yet come. A few days more and Herbert must join his regiment; a pang of more than common anguish pressed upon her heart; whichever way she turned, cares, corroding thoughts, pursued her. Dear Agnes! had Captain Selwyn won *her* love, while *he* might part from her "fancy free," as when they met; or, on the other hand, had he been seeking to secure, not the treasure beyond all price, woman's pure, disinterested love, but the mere right to call her

supposed wealth his own ; what a fate for Agnes ! to mourn over such cherished hopes, or own herself an impostor ; allow him to withdraw silently, and leave her desolate. One project still remained, she could endow her cousin with the wealth the mercenary lover may crave ; but be it so, each must forfeit the other's esteem, and where then could happiness find a sheltering nook wherein to build her nest ?

As she leaned her head upon a table, the reflection of a brightly tinted sky rested upon her cheek, and lingering there, seemed as if seeking to restore the bloom a few short days had faded. It threw a glowing lustre around her form, which a painter would have rejoiced in, and Constance was a lovely study for an artist. Hers was not the brilliant beauty which caught the eye captive as it gazed, but that far more subduing loveliness that won the heart, ere the eye had scarcely acknowledged its power. She was now tracing back the joyous hours in which her brother bore a part ; the satisfaction she felt, when Fortune first smiled, in the thought that bountifully as it had been given, so bountifully should it be dispensed, holding it only as a faithful steward for her Master's service. Schools for the young, neat cottages for the aged, rose before her, and she had been so happy ; and now one false step had drawn her into a labyrinth, from which she

saw no way of escape. "Yes! it was my pride, my vanity, that required the humiliating punishment," thought she; "for was there not the lurking hope that I, the penniless, might have been the chosen one? but with the brand of deceit upon my brow, how could I meet his clear, full eye, without shrinking from his gaze; and then wrapping myself up in unsocial gloom, he has only known me as a moody or fitful being at the best. My own wild theory, that nature draws her mysterious chain closer and closer still around the hearts she fain would gain, has been swept away, even as the spider's web is borne down by the weight of the gem-like dewdrops of the morning, and I must pay the penalty; but as for poor Agnes, I must try to bear *her* through it scathless." She raised her tearful eyes—was it illusion, or was it in truth the form of Herbert that stood a few paces from the table on which she leaned? His voice soon dispelled the doubt.

"I fear I have started you, but the servant who announced me, retired ere he could ascertain if you were otherwise engaged."

"I have only my own thoughts to engage me," replied Constance, confusedly, and then, as if to hide it, hurriedly said, "you have never spoken to me of my—my cousin Edward, dear Edward! tell me of *him*."

Thus suddenly called upon, Herbert felt

rather at a loss where to begin his mournful history. He had often thought it strange that Agnes had not only never sought to know aught of his last hours, but evidently shunned the subject; he did not wish to charge her with a want of feeling, but rather attributed it to a dislike, so natural to the light-hearted, to dwell on scenes of sorrow. He now gazed on the pale, anxious face and quivering lip of his auditor with deeper interest, and a scrutinizing observer may have seen his own cheek flush and fade away, ere he attempted to speak, in soothing tones, the history of the dead. It was seldom that Constance ventured either comment or reply, but her drooping head, and the tear that not unfrequently stole silently down her cheek, and fell upon the hand she vainly endeavored to steady sufficiently to hold the work she affected to be engaged with, were too evident proofs of deep and abiding love for the lost one to be doubted. "Poor girl," thought Herbert, "this is more than a cousinly love," and he sighed, "unrewarded, and, I fear, unregarded, for never once did Edward speak of a cousin who held any interest in his heart. This, then, is why she so often sits abstracted or alone, cherishing fond remembrances, rather than seeking to forget in scenes of lighter mirth." Again he sighed, and though words were not now wanting to soothe and beguile her into a more cheerful mood, yet

both felt it a relief when the merry laugh of Agnes was heard, as she entered the room with Mrs. Holmsby.

From that evening Constance seemed to shun Captain Selwyn more than ever, giving precedence to Agnes in all things, and the day drew nigh to a close which was to terminate his leave of absence, but as yet he had not appeared to make his adieux. "I am really sorry he is going," said Agnes, much in the same tone in which she would have regretted the loss of a glove; "he has been so domesticated here—I wonder if we shall ever meet again."

Constance started, and grasped the arm of her cousin. "Agnes, speak to me; tell me that you *know* you shall meet again—say that you have not cause to hate me, or I shall be most wretched."

"Hate you, dear Con? you, the kindest, dearest cousin that ever mortal was blessed with—what could——"

"But tell me—tell me in one word," interrupted the now agitated Constance, "does Herbert Selwyn love you, and do you return it?"

"Hush, hush, dear girl; it requires more than one word to reply to two such queries. A lady is not supposed to think that a gentleman loves her, unless he tells her so; and no such confession has escaped the lips of Captain Selwyn."

Constance gasped for breath.

"But why this fearful excitement?" asked Agnes; "rest satisfied that *my* peace is not in danger, whether Captain Selwyn makes his parting bow in smiles or in tears."

"Oh what a blessed relief to me!" exclaimed Constance; "I so much dreaded lest you should have to reap the bitter fruit of the seed I planted. I conclude you gave him to understand how little your smiles or tears were influenced by his presence, when you met this morning, and that accounts for Captain Selwyn going away without taking a formal leave."

At that moment he entered the room, having heard his own name and the few words that followed. "I know not," said he, smiling, "what good reason you had assigned me, for having quitted Brighton so cavalierly; but, believe me, I have felt too much pleasure, too much interest in" — he paused — "in all who bear the name of Raeburn, to consider my visit as mere matter of form, though I grieve to say this must be a very short one. I had intended to put your friendly patience to the test, by bestowing myself and my tediousness upon you for the evening, to talk over the past, and, if possible, to glean hope for the future; but I am to accompany Major Wharton, who starts immediately, and is even now impatient at my delay." And with a hasty "God

bless you" to Agnes, and a few murmuring, indistinct words to Constance, he was gone.

"I thought so," said Agnes, who was the first to break the silence that followed. Constance looked inquiringly. "Sit, down, child, sit down again," said the mirth-loving Agnes; "you have had a long dream, methinks, and I pray that you may not awake to regret. I cannot guess why you should have taken such a decided dislike to that fine young man."

"Dislike!" exclaimed Constance, surprised into the confession; "dislike Herbert Selwyn! who, with a mind capable of estimating worth, could possibly do so?"

"I know not," replied Agnes; "but to be able to discern what is good, and yet not profit by it, is to me worse than ignorance. We compassionate the blind if they stumble; but not those who wilfully close their eyes to the light. Day after day you have sat languid and listless in his presence, apparently unmoved, whether the converse was grave or gay; or if you did perchance give way to your natural character, it was but for a few fleeting moments, and again you crept into your corner, reminding one of a young hedgehog, encased within the thicket of its own bristles, determined to keep off all intruders."

"It was the consciousness of having deceived," said Constance, "that took away all self-respect."

I felt like a culprit, and could not fearlessly meet his gaze; but are you sure, quite sure, dear Agnes, that you have not refused him?"

"I could not refuse what was never offered," replied Agnes, carelessly.

"Then, surely, you must allow that he has been amusing himself rather too much at your expense."

"Not at all," returned Agnes, smiling, and affecting to understand her literally; "he was never paid for his visits; besides, if you had not been wilfully blind, you might have seen that Captain Selwyn's chief aim was to amuse *us*, and not himself. You are mistaken in him altogether. To *me* he never, by word or look, gave the slightest intimation that he wished to be on other terms than as the friend of my brother; and I flatter myself, that although no prude, the most fastidious could not accuse me of flirting with him. In truth, I think he was rather disappointed in me at first—that it was a matter of some difficulty to bring himself to a state of cordial approval—and I firmly believe, had I shown any symptoms of growing partiality, he would have shunned me as he would the plague."

"And yet he seemed but as your shadow," returned Constance; "we never moved but we *chanced* to meet. Why was it that——"

"Ay, why," interrupted Agnes. "I once

thought *you* might have answered all these whys; but it seems I was wrong, and therefore I can only say it was time most sadly wasted by both of you. He merely made himself a little bit more miserable each day, and you had to pick out at night all the blue roses and green tulips you had worked in the morning."

"Agnes, Agnes, you are now flinging your shafts at random. I feel that I was both weak and wicked in so risking your happiness, and most thankful am I that your own good sense—"

"Stay; do not bestow praise where no praise is due. I might choose to be offended at the supposition that I could be so readily won; but even this is praise I ask not for. The owner of an occupied house seeks not another tenant. In fact, I thought you had guessed long ago why a somewhat mysterious looking ring was so prized by me; or that you had observed that my face was full a hair's breadth longer for two whole days after the poor but gallant Lieutenant Fielding sailed for the Cape; and be assured, dear Constance, if health be spared, or promotion given, I shall not envy—no, not even a Mrs. Herbert Selwyn."

"And yet you never told me of your engagement. Oh, Agnes! I should not have been thus secret with you! I might have aided you—I could, perhaps, now."

"I know it, I feel it, dear Constance, and it

was that which caused me to guard my secret. When the poor complain to the rich that fortune favors them not—that years of patient toil must ensue ere they can *afford* to be happy—is it not as a beggar pleading for grace?”

“A beggar, Agnes! and to me! when you know you are to me as a sister! when you know, or know it now, that the day I become of age you will no longer feel that years of toil must pass away ere you can venture to be happy. Dear, dear girl! you are worthy of his love.”

The cousins parted for the night, the one to dream in hope, the other to weep over that one dark hour in which she had admitted deception as a guest. She was the more provoked with herself because she felt that had she, on Herbert's first visit after the ball, laughed at the mistake that had arisen from their foolish frolic, all might have been well; at least, she would not have had to reflect upon herself; but naturally timid and retiring, and ashamed to own the *cause* for so fanciful an exchange of character at the moment, it afterwards became such a deliberately false position, she could not disentangle herself. Had she appeared in her own sweet, natural character, she would have retained not only her self-esteem, but probably gained that of the only man for whom she felt an interest beyond the passing crowd. Not that Constance was what is termed

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in love; she admired the character of Herbert more than his face or figure, although both had been pronounced faultless; but she regarded him as the faithful friend of her brother,—her own promised friend,—and therefore reproached herself that she had put it out of her power to enter on the subject as she ought, lest he should imagine she had a dearer interest in Edward than a cousinly affection would warrant. She was mortified beyond calm endurance that they should have parted as cold as they had met; it was a heavy punishment for so slight an offence, and the lesson was not without its use. But amidst much self-condemnation, one ray of satisfaction beamed over her mind,—the supposed heiress, attractive as she was, had not drawn Herbert to attempt any sacrifice of feeling to his interests. Had he, like Agnes, a panoply of defence in a previous attachment? the allusion to herself she considered as a mere sportive jest of her cousin. Be it as it may, she was not sorry to find that the term of residence at Brighton was fast drawing to a close, as a return to Ellersleigh would restore her once more to freedom. The *meeting* she had often dwelt upon, as among the possible events of life, was over—over in a way little calculated to make it a subject of “sweet remembrance;” and whatever poets may think or write of the “pleasures of memory,” it is more than doubtful if its pains do not predominate.

While there is any probability that our own efforts may be usefully employed towards attaining any desired object, we dream on, with a morbid hope that though we reach it not, a change may come ; for Hope, however beautiful, however cheering, she may be at times, throwing a light and charm over life's darker shadows, as the unseen sun that from beneath the heavy cloud flings a gleam of golden radiance on the mountain's brow, still in her fitful moods she misleads her votaries, and thus suspense too often preys upon the mind, and wears out the tenement of clay that formed its shrine ; but when once made fully aware that it comes not within the range of possibilities, no rational mind would continue to cherish the thought ; even childhood pines not that the bright stars cannot be brought within its grasp. Nor was Constance one to sigh after, or expect that all things were to minister to her pleasure. To alleviate sorrow, to rescue from poverty, by giving employment rather than bread, was now her chief delight at Ellersleigh, and while planning for the benefit of others she reaped a rich reward, for self was lost in sympathy ; and while she felt that neither perfect happiness, nor individual perfection was among the designs of Providence, she may be forgiven if she soon began to look upon her error, not with less disapproval, but as of less evil in its consequences.

Another year, and Constance had full possession of Ellersleigh, while Agnes, no longer a *dependant* companion, was still the friend of her heart, and companion of her brightest hours. They were sitting in the prettiest of all pretty boudoirs, when a lengthened yawn from Constance rather startled her companion. "I am becoming dolorous," said Constance, smiling; "I like not the fuss and fatigue, the nonsense and parade, that must inevitably attend on going to London; we are far more happy here, Agnes."

"Far," was the laconic reply. Another pause.

"I do not suppose Mrs. Holmsby has any particular wish to go this season?"

"Perhaps not."

"Agnes, you are a provoking creature! you see I am dying to devise some plea for not going to London, and you will not aid me."

"I am no witch to guess what is not even whispered," returned Agnes; "but rather than you should die, I am ready to give you every possible aid, more especially as it suits so well with my own humor."

"And yet," rejoined Constance, "I do not mean to spend the summer here; beautiful as this place is, and much as I love it, I have set my heart upon some wandering expedition."

"Broken hearts are sad memorials of life," said Agnes, laughingly; "pity yours should be

broken for so slight a cause. Whither would you go?"

"Anywhere rather than to the court; I *must* there appear as the *nouveau riche*; and I know you will laugh at me, but I still have a—a—no, not exactly a *dread*, but certainly a great dislike to throwing myself in the way of Herbert Selwyn in that character."

"I will not laugh," returned Agnes, gravely, "because I grieve to see that you still allow him to exercise such undue influence over you."

"Undue influence!" repeated the astonished Constance; "he has *none* over me."

"Then why regulate your movements by any consideration for what he may choose to say or think?"

It was a puzzling question—one she cared not to solve. She knew it not, and yet when conscience, who had so long slumbered in sweet security, now presented his reflecting glass, she but too plainly saw that every thought and action had been guided by the question "would *he* approve?" There was a long and awkward pause; and Agnes was rather amused than surprised when Constance broke the silence by replying to her own thoughts—"Yet it is very natural to wish to gain the approval of those whom we esteem."

This was certainly not quite an answer to the

question put, but the ready reply of Agnes, "*Very*," seemed to be sufficient evidence that she was understood; and, glad to escape further catechizing, added, "I have a great desire to see something of the Welsh coast. Dear Edward used to speak in raptures of the scenery, and often promised that when I had 'learned my lessons as a good child,' meaning when I should emerge from the school-room, he would take me on an exploring expedition. His account of the Devil's Bridge is still so vividly before me, that I long to visit it."

"There, then, let us go," said Agnes, to whom thought and decision were synonymous terms. "When shall we start?"

"Not to-day," rejoined Constance, laughing; "although I see that you have, in your mind's eye, not only packed all necessary things, but actually seated yourself in the carriage."

"True, dear cousin of mine! if you had a little of my prompt readiness, and I had a little of your more prudent reflection, what beautiful characters we should present to the world."

"My prudent reflection!" said Constance, musingly.

"I understand your thoughts. Yes, for one hour we once changed characters; but the repentance that followed is a sure test that nature is not to be trifled with, even in jest. On that eve

I candidly own it would have been better had you kept to the prudent reflection system, and left prompt decision to my charge; but now, if we are to move, let us not linger, and thereby lose the loveliest of this glorious weather "

It was a beautiful evening in June, when the cousins, accompanied by Mrs. Holmsby, drove to one of the best houses on the terrace at Aberystwith. To see her young friends happy, was joy enough for Mrs. Holmsby, for she truly loved them both, though Constance was more especially dear to her. She was the child of him who, in early life, had first taught her heart to love, though adverse circumstances prevented their union, and he wedded another. In two short years Mrs. Raeburn became a widow, and from that hour Mary Holmsby had been her tried and faithful friend; and now that years and infirmities were coming rapidly upon her, she was glad to accept the warm invitation of the orphan Constance to be unto her as a mother.

It was some time ere they attempted to visit the Devil's Bridge; but at length the day came when this long-intended scramble was to be accomplished,—and such a day! Life would be a precious boon if only to bask in that brightly beaming sun, or to inhale the pure, balmy breeze of that delicious morn.

"I can go no further," said Mrs. Holmsby, as

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they wound their rather perilous way among the crags ; " I will rest here and await your return."

" *You* will go on ?" said Constance, turning an inquiring eye upon Agnes.

" Oh yes !" was the reply ; but ere long, Agnes, though of an enterprising spirit, and a frame equal to much fatigue, seemed to slacken in her pace, and soon after, when Constance turned to warn her that the path was becoming very slippery, she found herself alone, saving the little ragged attendant who acted as guide. " I shall rest here, David," said she, " while you go back to the other lady." But David had guided too many through that wild track, to risk such an imputation on his taste, and therefore urged her to turn into the rugged path below, and there " everypody stopt a pit ;" and there the delighted girl did indeed find a rich recompense for all the trembling fear that had accompanied her steps thither. " Agnes *must* come here !" exclaimed she ; " it is magnificent ! David, go back and tell the lady that she can come thus far without danger, and I will wait for her here."

Whether the little urchin had lingered on his way, or his rhetoric had proved unavailing, Constance was left long in doubt, for no Agnes joined her. Perhaps he had misunderstood her. But Constance thought not of the lapse of time, for her every feeling was soon absorbed by the wild

sublimity of the scene, the more deeply interesting to her, as she fully recognized the spot her brother had been so charmed with. This brought back many a truant thought; the almost savage nature of the scenery—her loneliness—all served as fresh food for fancy to dwell upon; and with a heart full of mingled and undefined emotion, she burst into tears. Why, or how long, she wept, she scarcely knew; but on hearing, as she thought, the approaching footsteps of David, she started from her reverie; but on raising her tearful eyes, they met those of Herbert Selwyn.

“My surprise is not, perhaps, equal to yours,” said he, “as I encountered your cousin on my way, and learned from her the chance of finding you; but you are sad—you are in sorrow.”

“No, no!” cried Constance, rousing herself to something like self-possession; “only weak—foolish—anything you like to fancy of woman’s capricious feelings; or, in truth, I believe it was the power—the majesty of nature, that called forth nature’s tears.”

How long they sat in converse there, the heart of Constance knew not, though the hand of her watch had wearily passed its hourly round; but now she began to think they ought to wend their way back. She would have given worlds to have said “I have a claim upon your friendship that you know not of—one sanctified by the last

wishes of the dead, although my pride has hitherto disdained to own it." But how could she possibly introduce such a subject? While his clear, confiding eye rested upon her, how could she say that she had passed for what she was not, to try his strength—to test whether mercenary feeling or honorable principle had the vantage ground? She could not, for one look might have told the least observing that Captain Selwyn was not a man to sell either his honor or his happiness; and yet, now that he was once more thrown into her society, it must be told; for she could not—would not again subject herself to the painful restraint she had previously suffered, however mortifying the result. These thoughts gave a momentary depression, but Captain Selwyn was too much occupied by his own thoughts and feelings to heed it much.

"I so anxiously awaited the spring," said he, after a pause, "as I concluded your cousin would be among the gayest of the gay, this season, and I had the vanity to hope she would again allow me the *entrée* of a friend, wherever she may take up her abode." "He *does* love Agnes, then, after all," thought Constance. "Imagine, then, my disappointment," added he, "on learning from a friend that she had flown to the mountains of Wales, rather than walk as one of the fairest of the fair who crowd our brilliant court."

"She is indeed beautiful," murmured Constance, "and well fitted to walk the palace as her home."

"Almost too handsome," returned Herbert, laughingly; "she takes the mind captive, as it were, by storm; yet the prisoner, though bound, is not always subdued—he can be rebellious, even in the hands of his jailer."

The smiles of Constance returned, but they were soon chased away, as Herbert pointed out a peculiar beauty in the cataract, which was familiar to him through the vivid description of his poor friend, Edward Raeburn. Constance gazed silently, and the full tear stood upon her cheek.

"He was very dear to you?" said Herbert, stooping as if to pick up something, and in a voice so tremulously low, that none but the sensitive ear of love could have caught the sound.

"*Very*," was all the reply she had voice to give, as her hand was now pressed between those of her companion.

"Will not time soothe the heart, and teach it to forget?"

Constance shook her head.

"Miss Raeburn—Constance—dear Constance!—forgive me. You know not how deeply I have loved you, and even now have sought you among these wilds, to ask if devoted love can compensate for the superfluities of life. Its comforts, though

not its luxuries, my moderate income might still command. I have sometimes dreamed in hope, and there have been hours in which I have dared to plant a beauteous paradise, your own bright form fitting among its bowers, as mistress there ; but, now," added he, mournfully, " now that I would ask you to realize the dream, your heart still sorrows over the dead."

" He was my brother," sobbed Constance ; and the noble woods of Ellersleigh never found such favor in her sight as at that moment. We need not follow the process of unwinding the tangled skein, now that the clue was in the grasp of one so expert in his attempts to unravel the past as Herbert proved to be ; and so judiciously and carefully did he untie each knot, that ere they reached their weary companions, Constance, though with blushing cheek and averted eye, no longer shrunk from taking her station as " the Heiress "

MEETINGS AND PARTINGS.

BY MISS G. FANNY ROSS.

FOREVER, like the seaweed tost
Upon the restless wave,
The footprints of our path are lost,
Until we reach the grave—

Forever, on, without repose,
Weak wanderers through life's press
Of hasty joys, and hasty woes,
And lengthened weariness.

Now here, now there, our steps abide,
Then something spurs us on—
A few short hours bear back the tide—
We came, and we are gone!

But still upon our pilgrimage
We pause awhile, and lo!
In some fresh ties and hopes engage,
That make it sad to go:

Leave portions of the heart behind,
In every resting-place,
And in the broken fragments find
Some added sorrow's trace;

Some new acquaintance changed too soon
To friends we fear to lose :
We never can our hearts attune,
But some rent chord ensues.

Ah ! every farewell wafts away
Some music from our lives,
Until at last, in our decay,
Scarce one sweet note survives.

Yet who would yield such soft regret,
Indifference to prove —
Or say, " Alas ! that e'er we met !"
Of those we leave and love ?

No—rather bless the transient joy,
Though sad its parting be,
And feel, nor time nor space destroy
The links of memory.

DESPAIR.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

THEY blame this changeless brow of care—
 This silent woe they blame :
 They little know how sweet 's despair,
 If it but breathe thy name !
 They little think how passing dear
 Is sadness unto me—
 How sweet the sorrow, sweet the tear,
 In silence shed for thee !

Life hath no home, no hope, no love—
 The dove hath lost her ark—
 The very face of heaven above
 Seems hopeless now and dark :
 Then haste, sad spirit, haste and share
 My sorrow and my gloom ;
 Quick—take me to thine arms, Despair—
 And bid them make my tomb !

MILICENT.

BY MRS. CHARLES GORE.

"A LOVELY creature," said I, placing my hand athwart my forehead by way of sight shade, with as much the air of a connoisseur as I could manage to assume.

"A dear one,—a prudent, and a virtuous," rejoined the knight, turning sharply away, and betaking himself to his box, as if he had made an effort to look upon an object connected with painful recollections. Nay, if I am not mistaken, there was moisture on the lace of his sleeve as he raised his arm to his eyes, affecting to ward off the sunbeams glaring through the windows. For worlds I would not have entrapped him into the discussion of the subject; but reading curiosity in my looks, he paused when we reached the door of the gallery, and, tapping me significantly on the hand, said, in a low voice, "I have her history written out in fair text-hand among my family papers. My cousin Ursula was the choicest scribe in this part of the country. You will find specimens of her best Italian manner in the great family recipe book; but if you are inquisitive touching the memoir of her sister





Milicent, why 't is heartily at your service." The word "prudent" was a stumbling-block. I was ever inclined to banish from among the cardinal virtues, the prim, self-contented, prudish-looking damsel with the looking-glass; and since even St. Augustine pleads guilty to a similar prejudice, I, a sinner, need not hesitate to avow the antipathy. Nevertheless, the following sketch of family history could not but interest my feelings; and I have no scruple in pointing out the picture of "the Lady Keswycke at her looking-glass," as the sweetest personification of Prudence that has exemplified the duty of self-examination since the days of Penelope.

Sir Lawrence de Cressingham, of Cressingham Hall, was the friend and companion of the great Clarendon;—sat in the Long Parliament, retired to France on the ruin of the royal cause, and died in exile. In compensation for these disasters, his son, Sir Giles, received, at the Restoration, offers of a pension and peerage; both of which he stoutly declined, as being connecting links with a court towards which he was anything but favorably disposed. Retiring, therefore, to the estate or remnant of estate still pertaining to the family name, he devoted his time to its cultivation, and his thoughts to the rearing of two daughters, bequeathed him by his wife, Ursula de Coverly, grand-aunt to the good knight, whom it was the

ambition of his frugality to raise to the condition of co-heiresses.

Unfortunately, however, little Milicent and Ursula were not the sole objects of his solicitude. The charge of a young cousin, son to a younger brother of Sir Lawrence, who had fallen on the field of Worcester, leaving a young wife and posthumous child to the mercy of his then wealthy relatives, was entailed upon him with the family estates; and Francis de Cressingham grew up as the sole child of the house, till, thirteen years after his melancholy birth, little Milicent made her appearance to initiate the heart of the bluff Sir Giles into the still warmer tenderness of actual paternity.

Frank, a spirited lad, with the wild blood of his race already boiling in his veins, was not jealous of the little stranger;—nay, he would often snatch the pretty doll into his arms and cover it with kisses, till the lady mother shrieked aloud lest its delicate frame should be injured by his rough caresses. But however blustering elsewhere, Francis became a tamed lion on approaching the nursery; and when, a few years afterwards, the Lady de Cressingham died of a slow decay, there was no one in the house whose endearments afforded consolation to her two moping, motherless girls, saving those of “cousin Frank.” His visits to the Hall from college or

his regiment were hailed as signals for a general holiday. Sir Giles prepared for a carouse with the neighboring squires; Milicent, who at that period inclined to the coquette, began to gather the bright rings of her chestnut hair under a *fontange* of the newest fashion; while Ursula, her younger sister, would sit for hours at her spinet, studying sonatas for his amusement. The worthy knight was scarcely prouder of his young relative than were the two girls; and during the perils encountered by the combined fleet in which young De Cressingham was serving with honor as a volunteer, Dr. Esdras, the family chaplain, could by no means determine which of the three displayed most fervor at morning and evening prayers in commending to Heaven the destinies of those who "travel by land or by water."

Meanwhile, the peace of Nimeguen restored tranquillity to western Europe, and Captain de Cressingham to the Hall; and it was well for him that he escaped being drowned in sherriesack by his kinsman, or smothered in kisses by the two girls, during the first twenty-four hours of his sojourn. Milicent was scarcely fourteen; yet Dr. Esdras was of opinion that the raptures of her welcome might have been moderated with advantage to all parties. He even ventured to express some such notion in the hearing of his patron and disciple, Sir Giles; who swore in

good round terms that he had no mind to be chaplain-ridden, and would foster no crop-eared puritan in his household, till the doctor was fain to retreat into the little study that served him for dormitory and all, leaving the young people to be as loving and frolicsome as they and the obstinate knight thought proper.

But however warm the welcome of the elder Cressingham, and however strenuous his opposition to the innovations of a meddling chaplain, there existed between himself and his kinsman a fertile and inextinguishable germ of discord. They had lived on easy term in the relative position of benefactor and *protégé*, guardian and ward; but as man and man, the case was widely different. Frank was a blind and hot-headed royalist; while the loyalty of Sir Giles was somewhat refrigerated by the sacrifices he had been compelled to make to the improvidence and obstinacy of the House of Stuart. Frank was a courtier; — Sir Giles a clown. But above all, the knight had formed, or, as *he* said, *obtained*, an opinion that, by means of certain fines and recoveries, the residue of the Cressingham estates were fully redeemed from the original deed of entail; — while Frank regarded the whole as his inalienable inheritance; and, dearly as he loved his two fair cousins, had no mind to be swaggered out of his birthright. A sovereign regnant is apt to

look with a jealous eye upon his heir apparent and still more upon the heir presumptive, or presumptuous, who advances unrecognized claims. The young captain had not been six weeks established at the Hall, before theological differences ran high between himself and the pragmatistical Esdras ; and the party designations of Whig and Tory, then in the first blush of their virulence, were soon fiercely bandied between the two cousins. The attempt to restore episcopacy in Scotland afforded an overflowing theme for those political squabbles, miscalled arguments ; and while the heart of the young volunteer waxed hot within him to hear himself stigmatized as a vaporing boy, the nose of Sir Giles waxed hot without him on being upbraided as a recreant from the faith of his gallant ancestors. It soon became apparent to Milicent and Ursula, that the sooner cousin Frank returned to Whitehall the more agreeable to cousin Giles. The young man was indebted to the testamentary dispositions of his uncle, Sir Lawrence, for a sufficient provision to supply the sword of a De Cressingham with new scabbards ; and he now burst forth once more upon his perilous career, and was soon heard of, fighting with the great Sobieski against Tekeli and the Turks.

At this period, Milicent de Cressingham, now rapidly advancing towards womanhood, was often

heard to interrupt her sister Ursula's labors in the wardrobe and still-room, with expressions of joy that their cousin should be absent from England during so stormy a season of political strife; more particularly as the zeal and domestic influence of Dr. Esdras increased in proportion as the public influence of his party declined; while the sinister aspect of their father's affairs only tended to irritate his prejudices against the ascendant faction. And yet, considering how often young Mistress de Cressingham declared herself "rejoiced" by the rambling campaigns of "poor Frank," it was surprising how much her coquetry subsided and her gayety declined during his absence. Instead of the *fontange*, with its ribands of cherry color, Milicent's tresses were now confined under as simple a riding-hood as the starchest puritan of them all; and having laid aside the rhapsodies of Dryden and Nat Lee and the mellifluous vagaries of Waller, she was oftentimes found seated in a favorite arbor of phyllyrea, looking out on the great canal, with a volume of the *Pilgrim's Progress* open upon her knee. Whither her thoughts were straying none could tell;—perhaps they were lost among the knots of a new stomacher;—perhaps at the siege of Vienna;—perhaps in the Slough of Despond!

It is needless to relate how slowly the monotonous years passed away at Cressingham Hall;

or how many hogsheads of wormwood wine, or gallons of rosemary water attested the housewifely diligence of its younger mistress, when, to the amazement of their good father, and the surprise of his moderately good chaplain, the elder, the fair Milicent, was moved to decline the suit of the Lord Keswycke, a worthy gentleman from the North, with the wisdom of fifty years on his brow, and the virtue of half as many annual thousand pounds in his pocket; and who appeared on the field, moreover, in a coach and six surpassing the splendor of the Duchess of Portsmouth's. The siege of Vienna and of the lady were raised together; and in the course of the same summer, after a submissive epistle claiming pardon of Sir Giles for past offences, on the score of youthful intemperance, cousin Frank returned from the Danube, his handsome face garnished with a pair of mustachios that streamed on the troubled air like the sacred horse-tail of the prophet which he had recently assisted to capture.

The conquering hero came—and all dissensions were speedily forgotten in the enthusiasm of a stretch of heroism, such as had not graced the annals of the House of Cressingham since the Crusades. The knight felt conscious that he could do no less than take by the hand a kinsman who had ventured to take the Turk by the beard,—closed weapon to weapon with a wild

Pandour,—and trampled under foot the consecrated standard of Mahommed. Again, and more warmly than ever, he was welcomed at the Hall; and amid the florescent marvellousness of his recitals, Milicent's eyes were seen to recover their sparkling lustre, and her riding-hood to assume something of a more courtly shaping. The clipped arbor was now deserted, or made to shelter a pair of turtle doves in lieu of the solitary sparrow. But lo! before cousin Frank's complexion had lost a shade of its Hungarian swarthinness under the less fervid skies of Britain, he and the old knight unluckily hit upon a matter of contestation far more stimulant to the wrath of both parties than either the test act, the orthodoxy of Dr. Sancroft, or the authenticity of the Rye-house plot. Francis de Cressingham ventured to demand the hand of his cousin Milicent in marriage;—and Sir Giles scrupled not to inform him that he was a blockhead for his pains.

It was on a hot, sultry, cross-grained afternoon in August; the chaplain and the ladies had accepted the hint of the knight's loyal toast to retire to their devotions; and the host and the young colonel were left *tête-à-tête*. On the table between them were flagons and flasks, and tall, spider-legged rummers; with a dish of mellow jargonelles, over which buzzed a swarm of summer flies and a malignant wasp or so, at which

Sir Giles sat fencing with his hunting *couteau*, till his nose grew as red as a love-apple, and his temper correspondently inflamed. After uttering divers pishes and pshaws, and other interjections to which Dr. Esdras and the recording angel might have found much to object, he looked down on his Spanish leather boots, and laid the blame on the twinges of a flying gout; and it was at this inauspicious moment, that Frank, (who, having defied Kara Mustapha and all his hosts, made light of the peevish mood of a country cousin,) with most audacious self-conceit, proceeded to tender his proposals for the hand of his cousin!—the old man winced grievously; but he no longer ascribed his grimaces to any physical ailment.

“Look ye here, Colonel Francis de Cressingham,” cried he, striving to subdue his rising choler, but pushing forward the flagons of Rhenish till they chimed together like an alarum, “I esteem you well as a kinsman, as my father’s ward, as the orphan of a gallant man, and so forth; but if you fancy that a girl of mine shall ever camp in the tents of Belial;—if you suppose that Milly de Cressingham has been reared to tramp at the heels of your troop, starch your ruffles six days o’ the week, and clear accounts with her conscience by half an hour’s whisper in the ear of some confounded Jesuit of a confessor on Satur-

day night,—i'faith you are mistaken, colonel!—plaguily mistaken,—and no thanks to you for the blunder. The wench will carry with her to some honest man's bosom half of my lands here pinned to her sleeve, without needing to graft herself and them on the withered branch of her family stock."

Frank de Cressingham's reply was given in a tone worthy of the fiercest pacha whose scimeter he had seen waving on the walls of Buda! He swore that, however beneath the notice of a needy knight-baronet, he might obtain richer and nobler wives than Mistress Milicent of the Hall, any day of the year; boasted his favor both with the king and the duke; denounced his kinsman as obnoxious to the court; nay, even threatened him with the growing ascendancy of popish influence. The old man's rejoinders grew louder and hotter, as he recognized the truth of Frank's allusions to his falling fortunes; and it was well, perhaps, that the dormitory or library of the good doctor was sufficiently near at hand, and his slumbers or studies sufficiently light, to admit of his being roused by the fray. Dr. Esdras rushed into the eating hall to separate the disputants, just as the hard argument of a heavy parcel-gilt goblet (an heir loom from their common grandsire) was flung at the head of the hero of the Danube!

It needed not long for Colonel Frank to cause

his horse to be saddled for instant departure : yet, brief as the period was between his offence and flight, he found leisure for a moment's interview with the lovely origin of both. They met, as usual, in the evergreen arbor ; where Frank, with the foam still moist on his lip, and the sparkle of rage still bright in his eye, mingled his blessings on herself with curses on her father ; implored,—besought,—nay, almost compelled her to fly with him ; retraced their long years of tenderness ; pictured their still longer years of future separation ; till Milicent grew cold and pale as a marble statue in his arms, and the tears rolled down her unconscious cheeks as she listened. But Frank de Cressingham, though brave as a soldier and glowing as a lover, was not endowed with a right generous spirit of humanity ; and in the improvidence of his selfishness, he now ventured to put forth an argument fatal to his cause :—he told her that the ruin of her father's house was accomplished ; and entreated her to fly with him from its desolation. He did not perceive with what thrice holy sanctity he was investing the duty of a daughter !

Assuming a dignity such as had never before elevated her graceful person, Milicent instantly extricated herself from his embraces, and bade him adieu forever. A few minutes afterwards, the colonel and his horse were enveloped with

clouds of dust on their road back to Whitehall ; and Milly was weeping at the old man's feet. Her father had been insulted ; and in the perpetrator of such an offence she no longer recognized a lover. She implored the forgiveness of her parent,—the forgiveness of Heaven,—for that one short moment of rebellion ; and poor Ursula de Cressingham had a hard task in soothing the ire of the old knight and the tears of her sister.

But the love that has grown with our growth and strengthened with our strength is not to be cast away in an hour, however grievous the backslidings of its object. The indignant daughter wavered not for a moment in her determination, nor was there one tear of repentance among the floods with which she bathed the green boughs of the arbor after Cressingham's departure ; but she soon grew more than ever attached to the spot ;—coming thither in the first place to sigh over her lover's offences ;—in the next to bewail his departure with Lord Dartmouth's expedition to Tangier ;—and, lastly, to commune with her own prudence touching her father's entreaties that she would once more give ear to Lord Keswycke's tender overtures.

The position of poor old Sir Giles was now, indeed, every way deplorable. His health had long been breaking. Early hardships endured during the civil wars had prematurely bowed his

frame ;—the consciousness of apostasy, combined with the mortification of beholding the cause he had embraced on the death of his father gradually sink into nothingness, only augmented the mischief ;—while the position of public affairs, the death of Russell and Sydney, and the flagrant malpractices of Jeffries, filled him with consternation. Every day some harsh warning was breathed into the old man's ears ; every day the denunciations of his young cousin recurred to his memory ; and each retrogressive step taken by the protestant party seemed to augment the triumph of Francis and his own degradation. All these things were solemnly pointed out by old Esdras to the attention of Milicent and her sister. He assured them that their father's injudicious zeal had attracted the fatal notice of the lord chief justice ; that the name of Sir Giles de Cressingham was entered in Jeffries' black list ; and that nothing less than the protection of a son-in-law, rich and influential as the Lord Kesywcke, would secure the old knight from impeachment and the Tower. The two girls, who were no strangers to their father's imprudence of speech and action, trembled while they listened ! And on the very evening of the chaplain's argumentation, Lord Kesywcke arrived anew at the Hall !

But, having formerly put to the proof the fair Milicent's inaccessibility to the ordinary tempta-

tion of her sex, he this time left the coach and six at Keswycke Moat, and pursued his courtship in the simplest and most straightforward manner. Perhaps his lordship was conscious of having no extrinsic advantages to match with the heroic vein; for he was a tall, stern, hard-favored, ungainly man; wanting only a Geneva skull-cup and cloak to look the perfect puritan. His voice was tuneless—his manner harsh—his matter dry—his demeanor cold; and but that, on the week succeeding his arrival, the old knight, her father, was subpœnaed to appear before Jeffries as witness on one of those deadly trials manufactured to fill out the purposes of his commission, it is probable that Milicent might have been unable to control her repugnance sufficiently to give him her hand. But after due self-interrogation, and terror-struck by the approaching danger, she finally consented to become Lady Keswycke in time to justify her lord in calling together his retainers, and accompanying his venerable father-in-law to the tribunal in the west:—and when soon afterwards Sir Giles was dismissed with honor from the prosecution, it was rumored in the court and city that his preservation had cost a sum of five thousand pounds to Milicent's bridegroom. Whole years of tenderness and devotion would not have impressed the heart of his young wife so strongly as that one week of self-sacrifice

and generosity! How could she do otherwise than venerate the hand which had preserved the life of her father?

Lord Keswycke, meanwhile, expressed a decided objection to the Cressingham family prolonging their residence at the old Hall. The evil spirit of the new reign was already abroad. Fagots were heard crackling on every side as in the bloody days of Mary, while the martyrdom of Mrs. Gaunt and the Lady Lisle attested that they were not kindled in vain; nay, it was a favorite sport with James to entertain his foreign ambassadors with vaunting narratives of what he facetiously termed the "Campaign of Jeffries!" The revocation of the edict of Nantes had cut off even the hope of a refuge in France; and Milicent, while she contemplated the perils and dangers of her infirm parent, offered up fervent thanksgivings to Heaven for having afforded the means of securing him a stronghold against his enemies, a shelter for his old age. With her father and her sister as her inmates, her dreaded residence at Keswycke Moat lost all or half its terrors. But though many persons averred that the stern bridegroom was mainly anxious to remove her from a spot pointed out by Esdras as replete with associations inimical to the growth of wedded love, the world was, as usual, mistaken. However little calculated to shine at Whitehall,

or vie with the attractions of the cavalier cousin's sweeping plume and mustachios, Keswycke was a man of unswerving honor ; nor would have raised to his bosom a wife whose virtue he deemed it necessary to fence round with such fierce guardianship. Milicent might have loitered out the remainder of her days in the phyllyrea bosquet, without exciting any alarm in her husband beyond that of her catching the ague from the malaria of the stagnant canal.

And well did the lovely bride repay this honest confidence in her prudence. In ceasing to be a child, Milicent had put away childish things. Her lover's egotism, her father's danger, her husband's excellence, had sobered her fancy and strengthened her character. Like "the gentle lady wedded to the Moor," she beheld her husband's image in his mind,—or rather had ceased to notice the uncomeliness of his aspect ;—but, apprehending the holy value of the name of wife, and reverencing the mighty importance of its duties, she felt that she had a part to play in the sight of man and the sight of God ; and that, having fallen upon a period of national trouble, it was incumbent on her to meet the tumult with redoubled firmness, even as the mountain shrubs root themselves the stronger for the tempest. Lord Keswycke, if he did not yet touch her heart, already commanded her respect. He was

neither gracious nor graceful ; but his every word was bright with meaning—his every action with nobleness. She looked up to his intellectual superiority as to the majesty of the firmament over her head, which, transparent as it is, no eye can search or measure ; and grew more important in her own eyes, on finding herself valued and approved by a being of such eminent endowments. She knew (for Keswycke was not the man to bestow his name on one he deemed unworthy his utmost confidence) that it was to *him* the protestant party looked for furtherance and protection against the innovations of a despotic king and corrupt ministry. She knew that he afforded the connecting link between the Court of the Hague and the people of Britain ; that it needed but the uplifting of his hand for Mary of Orange to appear on her native shores, and assume a throne forfeited by her father's blind and bigoted defiance of its laws and constitution. She knew that on the acquittal of the bishops at their trial at Westminster, it was Keswycke's name that was shouted loudest by the rejoicing populace ; that it was *his* influence which upheld the opposition of the University of Oxford to the imperious mandates of the king—that the chief men of the city—the chief prelates—the chief jurists—were in constant and confidential communication with Keswycke Moat. Yet in spite of all this, Milicent

feared nothing for his safety ; for she also knew the purity of his life, the steadiness of his judgment, and the total absence of worldly or interested motives from his proceedings. She saw that his measures were taken for conscience sake ; that he was above the influence of ambition, beyond the reach of venal calculations ;—the diligent servant of God, the vigilant master of his own passions ;—and believed him secure as the ark of the covenant from the touch of a lawless sovereign. It was not with her liege lord as with her rash and vacillating father. Keswycke could have said or done or thought no weak or evil thing ; and Milicent was as proud of the greatness of her husband's mind as many women would have been of the mightiness of his estate and condition. Once or twice it was insinuated to her by old Sir Giles, now verging on his dotage, that Francis de Cressingham (who was well known as an accredited emissary between the courts of James and the Vatican, or rather as the officious agent between Father Petre, the royal confessor, and his own uncle, Cardinal Howard) had pointed out the popular influence of Lord Keswycke as a matter of peril and terror to the weak minds of James and his queen ; and that a system of espionage was accordingly instituted in the environs of Keswycke Moat. Yet still Milicent feared nothing. Whenever Ursula

was moved to the acknowledgment of her apprehensions, her sister did but incite her to join more fervently in prayer for their mutual consolation, and more actively in study for the engrossment of their faculties, lest she should be induced into the frailty of weak-heartedness in her lord's behalf.

"There is a mighty duty in his hand," said she, as they walked side by side along the stately terraces of the old castle: "the fate of nations is committed to his charge,—the welfare of millions,—the destinies of interminable posterity. Shall I then,—even I,—by my weak terrors molest my husband in his most responsible career, or add one thorn to the anxieties of his arduous undertakings? No, no! Ursula:—if I am weak, pray that I may be strengthened; if perplexed, pray that my paths may be made straight;—but hazard not one word to me of my husband's danger, lest I grow faint in my good intent. Talk to me of other things. The earth, with its flowers, which is so bright around us;—the Heavens, with their stars, which are so bright above;—futurity, with its hopes, brighter, yea! a thousand-fold brighter, beyond! Let us talk of these things, Ursula; nor linger one sentence longer amid the political dissensions of a misgoverned nation."

So steadfast was Milicent in this prudent and virtuous resolve, that throughout the perils which

ensued, although her frame wasted to a shadow, and her voice grew even as a whisper for very wretchedness, she breathed not a word of fear or misgiving.

From the momentous period of the landing of William, she suffered no hour of the twenty-four —no moment of the hour—to remain unoccupied; for now, for the first time since her marriage, she was withdrawn from her husband's company. Lord Keswycke had hastened, by a preëppointment with the Lord Churchill and the Duke of Grafton, to join the protestant prince at Axminster;—and even at the moment of bidding him farewell, Milicent had the noble fortitude to say "God speed him!" without embittering their parting embrace by a single tear. She looked upon him as a nuncio of Heaven, going forth to fulfil his master's work; nor was it till after his departure, after the old gates of the Moat had actually closed upon the last straggler of his train, that she fell down on the threshold in a deep swoon; struggling for five hours between death and life, while the doting old knight tore his gray hair by her bedside, and Ursula sat chafing her cold hands without hope of her recovery. Her disorder arose, however, from weakness of body, not weakness of mind. Her soul was worthy of her husband and his cause; and in the course of a day or two, she was enabled to rise and go

into her oratory, and pray with all her spirit for a blessing on the absent one. "He saved my father;—he is about to save my country:—strengthen him, O Lord God, with thy mighty power, and prosper his undertaking!" said Milicent; and, in the sight of Heaven at least, she had no need to check the bitterness of her agony.

Her prayers were heard!—The hour of danger passed away; but although Milicent knew him to be standing at the king's right hand at Westminster, she had prudence to refrain from joining her husband in the capital, or from interceding for a short visit at the Moat, lest she should intercept, however slightly, the fulfilment of his public duties. Mighty indeed had been the strife within her soul, and mighty the anguish of her heart, during the political conflict of that bloodless revolution. But still more mighty was her reward when, summoned by her lord to their new residence at court, she heard his name shouted by the grateful populace as he approached; and, amid the tears that sprung into her eyes, and which she was no longer compelled to repress, hailed for the first time the countenance she loved, brightened by the sunshine of perfect contentment! The destinies of his country were secured, and Milicent was again in his arms!

It was amid the tumult of this unhopèd-for triumph, that Lady Keswycke and her lord were

summoned to receive the old man her father's dying benediction ; and it was an affecting thing to hear the aged knight, reversing the law of nature, render thanks to his child that she had solaced him, and supported him, and been a stay to his feeble footsteps. He bequeathed his daughter Ursula to the guardianship of his high-minded son-in-law as to that of a second providence ; and then, like Simeon, was ready to "depart in peace, now that his eyes had seen the salvation of the Lord : " leaving it to his daughters to carry back the remains of their old father to the abode of his ancestors, — where he had hoped to return and find a tranquil home, and where it was their pious duty to lay his gray head in the grave.

Some years had now elapsed since they quitted Cressingham. The hall had grown damp and dark and gloomy, even to the uttermost desolation ; while the gardens, like every spot recommitted to the hand of nature, were only the more beautiful in proportion to their abandonment. The trimmed shrubs had shot forth into a natural shape ; the flowers, unchecked and unpruned, had sprung up as in a wilderness of blossoms ; song-birds had built unheeded on every side ; and even the wild bees now deposited their treasures in the clefts of its solitary trees. As the sisters bent their steps on the evening of their arrival across the

weedy gravel, or ascended the mossy stone steps of the terrace—startled in their turn by the wood-pigeons they scared from their nests—Ursula vainly attempted to beguile her sister from the path leading to the phyllyrea bower. “Nay, let us not bend our steps thitherward,” faltered she, at length, fancying that the spot would present a painful recollection to the mind of Lady Keswycke.

“And wherefore not?” answered Milicent, in her own sweet, steadfast voice, turning upon her a countenance that their father’s recent death had stripped of its natural bloom. “It is my place of triumph, Ursula!—the spot where I was tempted—the spot where I was sustained against temptation. But for that green arbor and its scene of parting, I had followed my youth’s vain fancy, and never been blest as the wedded wife of the noblest of mankind; had never enjoyed the triumph of being dearest of all to one whose love extends to the meanest of his fellow-creatures:—the glory of holding a part in that mind to which the nations of the earth turn for guidance and instruction:—the holy joy of knowing myself a first object in those prayers betwixt which and Heaven no vile or worldly object interposeth! My sister—my dear sister—look around; look at these shapeless walls of verdure, these decaying benches, this weed-entangled ground under

our feet ; — and then thank Heaven for me that they were made to bear witness to my eternal separation from one who would have had me desert my father in his falling fortunes ! ”

The influence of a woman thus gifted was necessarily great at the sober court of the new queen ; where, sorely against her will, and solely in obedience to her husband, Lady Keswycke had undertaken the post of Lady of the Bedchamber. Resigning the tranquil seclusion of Keswycke Moat for the stir and pageantry of Hampton Court, and elbowed in the antechamber of the palace of St. James', instead of presiding over the restoration of the Cressingham estates, Milicent, over whom, from her youth upward, the word duty possessed a paramount authority, renounced without repining those simple habits which her country breeding rendered second nature. The buoyancy of her youthful gayety had long been subdued into the matron dignity of a wife ; but an innocent joyousness of spirit still sparkled in her eyes whenever Keswycke's weight in the council, or arguments in the House, or favor with all classes of the realm, were commended in her hearing. It was the custom of Mary to sit among the ladies of her court, engaged in needlework, or other exercises which could be made available to benevolent purposes ; and among these the Lady Keswycke was the fairest, and most grace-

ful, and most favored. Her prudence, her dignified humility, as well as her enthusiasm in the cause sanctioned by a father and a husband, rendered her an invaluable companion to her majesty; and when, sixteen months afterwards, the king departed on his Irish expedition, it was in the bosom of her friend (her friend — not favorite) that the daughter of James — the wife of William — deposited her two-fold sorrow. And well indeed could Milicent appreciate their influence; and earnestly did she rejoice that the necessity of Keswycke's presence in the council prevented him from following the fortunes of his royal master. He had been appointed by the king, with seven other statesmen, to exercise a direct influence over the measures of the queen; and his position, as the husband of her favorite friend, having invested him in the royal mind with a degree of interest beyond that of the Lords Carmarthen and Nottingham, his time was soon wholly engrossed by hurried journeys between Windsor and Whitehall.

But the crisis of Milicent's destiny was now at hand. One morning, some days after the arrival of intelligence of the battle of the Boyne, Ursula de Cressingham burst, with frantic gestures and quivering lips, into the cabinet of his lady, her sister.

"Weep with me," cried she; "weep with me:

—our father's house is dishonored! Frank,—our cousin Frank—our playmate,—the hand-in-hand companion of our childhood—is a prisoner; ay, and likely to perish by an ignominious death!”

“The clemency of the king is well known,” said Milicent, coldly; “nor is it the custom of modern warfare to injure an honorable captive.”

“Alas, alas!” cried Ursula, “can I, dare I, tell you all, and move you to interfere in his behalf? Shall I avow the weakness of my heart? Yes! I *love* him, Milly;—love him with all the fervor of womanly attachment! While the eyes of our cousin Francis were riveted on *you*, mine saw nothing on this earth besides himself. Judge, therefore, Milicent, my dearest sister, judge of my feelings on learning that a great victory has blessed our protestant hosts; and that the papers of the Lord Tirconnell having fallen into the hands of the victors, a horrible plot has been discovered for the assassination of the king's majesty. Sister, it is rumored that a De Cressingham was the enemy to whom was delegated the perpetration of the crime!”

“Great Heaven!” exclaimed Milicent, “I thank thee that my father did not live to see this day.”

“He is innocent!—our cousin is innocent!” cried Ursula.

“Surely it is guilt enough to be accessible to

the charge of so heinous an enormity," said Lady Keswycke, shuddering with horror.

"And has your heart no memory?" ejaculated Ursula: "do you recollect nothing of your childish endearments,—your youthful friendships? The same blood flows in the breast of Francis that animated our father's; would you see it out-poured on a scaffold?—Would you hear the name of our forefathers profaned by the common voice as that of a traitor and a malefactor? Your influence is great with your lord. Plead with him, plead with him, and save our kinsman from this disgraceful end."

"Leave me," said the lady, bestowing a warm sisterly embrace upon the trembling Ursula; "I have need to ponder upon these things."

Milicent was seated at her tiring mirror when her sister burst into her chamber;—and there she still sat,—perplexed by that stir of pulse which, however great the influence of female prudence or Christian principle, is apt to wake anew on mention of the lover of our youth. The recollection of those early days was as a far-off vision; connected with her mother's endearments, her father's pride in her well-doing; with holy memories of the dead, with holy reliance on the living. It was strange, she thought, that her sister's partiality should have escaped her observation. Was it vanity that had blinded her eyes?

Had her persuasion of her cousin Frank's exclusive devotion to herself rendered her insensible to the possibility of his becoming an object of attachment to another? How came it, too, that Francis should have overlooked the lighter and brighter graces of her young sister, when connected with this flattering partiality? Milicent was still but five-and-twenty years of age; and in spite of all her prudence, an involuntary glance bent itself on her tiring glass for a reply to the question!

That Francis was really guilty of the offence laid to his charge did not for a moment occupy her fears. A De Cressingham turn assassin!—No, no, Frank might have subjected himself to suspicion—but to become a deliberate murderer! Impossible! She knew him to be deeply pledged to the fugitive king—the advocate and upholder of his most obnoxious measures; and he had probably been induced into some outrage, whereby still deadlier suspicions became attached to his designs.

What was to be done? The court was at Hampton; and Keswycke had but an hour before departed on state business for an audience with the queen. Should she despatch an express to him, imploring his intercession? Alas! how hard the task to commence a letter to the lofty Keswycke with an allusion to her girlish weak-

ness, with the narrative of a love tale ! But there was no time for deliberation ; and in the midst of her perplexities Ursula claimed admittance, and placing the Gazette in her hand, pointed out to her horror-struck eyes the ancient name of their house pointed out in large capitals to the detestation of the kingdom ! Yes, all was too true. Among the papers left by King James on his precipitate flight from Dublin, was a letter (addressed to the queen at St. Germain's) detailing a plan of assassination, whereby Sir Francis de Cressingham had undertaken to cut off his royal son-in-law !

"This is no business for Keswycke's interference," cried Milicent, drawing on her hood. "For twenty cousins or twenty worlds I would not peril his noble name by entanglement in so vile a thing ;—but the queen loves me,—I will try my own influence over her heart. God has been merciful to her in sparing the lives of her father and husband in this unnatural conflict ; let her show mercy in return."

When the Lady Keswycke's coach entered the quadrangle of the palace at Hampton, all appeared in confusion. Courtiers were thronging in on every side to tender loyal congratulations to her majesty, who was still occupied with her cabinet council ;—but on the announcement of a lady of the bedchamber, respectful way was made ;

and Milicent was able to take her seat nearest the door of the audience chamber, and await as patiently as she might the coming forth of the queen. No one approached her. The name of Cressingham seemed to have communicated some fatal infection to Lord Keswycke's wife. The courtiers and ladies of the household stood in groups afar off, smiling, and sneering, and admiring how soon the rumor of her family shame had brought the favorite of the queen to be a waiter in antechambers! —

But Milicent saw them not — heard them not — heeded them not! She had drawn her hood closer over her face. Her thoughts were far away in the dimness of years; her heart was back again in the green arbor. Again she seemed to see the fiery youth at her feet; again she seemed to shudder and recoil as he denounced her father to be a ruined man, and invited her to forsake him in his helplessness. But for that spot and that hour, she might now have been the wife of a convicted traitor and malefactor! Had she not cause for thankfulness to the Almighty Being, by whom her determination had been inspired?

But Milicent's prudence was about to encounter a new ordeal. On entering the presence, to which she was now hastily summoned, she discovered that she had to confront not only the

searching gaze of her royal mistress, but the wondering looks of her husband, and the somewhat supercilious smile of Bishop Burnet, who stood at the queen's right hand. Milicent's footsteps trembled for the first time on approaching an earthly throne; but after kissing the hand graciously extended towards her, she unhesitatingly kneeled down, and implored in simple terms the queen's clemency for her cousin, Sir Francis de Cressingham.

Never before had Lady Keswycke perceived the angry blood rise to the brow of her royal patroness! Mary, who resented not this bold application as a queen, but as a wife, hastily demanded, while her eyes sparkled with anger, whether the Lady Keswycke, in hazarding so audacious a supplication, could be aware of the crime of which that person stood accused?

Milicent clasped her hands, but said not a word in reply.

"Let me hear no more of this," said her majesty, seating herself beside the council table with an air of dignity she was rarely seen to assume, "*or I may be tempted to inquire to what strange influence over the wife of Lord Keswycke, the traitor Cressingham is indebted for this eager intercession!*"

Even this harsh taunt did not divert the lady from her purpose.

"Suffer me, madam, to forestall the question," said she, striving to assume a composed demeanor: — and without rising from her kneeling position, and regardless of the stern gaze fixed by Keswycke and the queen upon her face, she proceeded to relate all; — her cousin's hereditary devotion to the house of Stuart, — his intemperance of spirit, — his betrothment to herself, — his interest in the heart of her only sister.

Mary bent a significant look towards Lord Keswycke, who was visibly affected by the narration. "Rise!" said he, raising Milicent from her knees with an air of inexpressible dignity; "rise, my beloved wife, nor humble yourself further for this thing. Your kinsman is beyond reach of the mercy or the vengeance of kings. A price was set upon his head; and being overtaken, Francis de Cressingham perished in the ignoble scuffle of capture. See, madam," said he, replying with proud consciousness to the glance of the queen, "my Milicent blanches not! Your majesty will now graciously admit that her petition arose not from any unworthy predilection. Blessed is the husband whose heart, in spite of insinuation — in spite of prejudice — in spite of every sinister appearance — is anchored in the unswerving prudence of a virtuous wife!"

It was a proud moment for Lady Keswycke. Mary, generously retracting her momentary

mistrust, caused the doors of the presence chamber to be thrown open, and walked forth into the gallery betwixt herself and her lord.

“For once, my lord, the text is at fault!” whispered the queen to Bishop Burnet, as she saw her two friends depart together in undiminished love and confidence:—“The children of this world are not *always* wiser in their generation than the children of light!”

THE PROPOSAL.

BY L. E. L.

THE summer sun looks laughing through the
bough

Thick with the clustering leaves; a thousand
flowers

Lift up their bright eyes to the fanning wind;

Songs are upon the air—a general song,

Many in one—the linnet and the thrush

Join with the blackbird in sweet unison.

All places are now fair, but far most fair

Is a lone garden by the river's side—

A garden of the ancient times, adorned

With quaint devices; branches cut in shapes

Of courtly fashion; and with terraces

Where foreign plants are ranged, and greenhouse
flowers.

The white camelia in soft ivory carved—

The cactus, like a shining serpent, wreathed

With a red crown of rubies—orange trees

With small gold fruits, and buds that are like
snow.

On such a terrace stands the maiden here:

So fair a face must love and be beloved

By summer flowers ; each has so much of each
In either's nature. She is standing now
With eyes downcast and blue ; the violet hides
So its deep colors and its dew from noon.
The rose is on her cheek ; an unquiet bloom
That comes and goes, then settles down at last
In one rich flash of pleasure. What a smile !
A heartfelt, conscious smile, scarce parts the lips
That seem as if they sighed ; the deep-drawn
sigh
Of anxious happiness, which builds on hope.
A scroll is in her hand ; it bears the words
Of one who loves her—dear as his own life.
What will her answer be ? A downcast eye,
A blush, a smile—what can their answer be ?
Yes—only " Yes ! "

THE PAINTER'S REVEALING.

BY CAMILLA TOULMIN.

"I AM angry and out of patience," I exclaimed — verifying my words, I am afraid, by voice and manner — "at hearing such idle stories, without a word of truth from beginning to end."

"Then," replied one of the chatters, whose inventive faculty or industry in repeating gossip had vexed me so much, "then, if it were not his bad temper or unkindness, or her having formed another attachment while he was in India, what was it that two months after their marriage drove her ——"

"Yes," interrupted another, "you were at the wedding, and were so intimate with them, you must know all about it. Do tell."

And I resolved I would tell, so far as it is possible to describe a tragedy, the elements of which rest in emotions, rather than in action.

It is true that I was at the marriage of Adelaide Bromley, and, in fact, spent the week preceding that event with her; but, if I were to speak of the shadow which seemed fitfully — from time to time — to fall around us during that period, I

should be laughed at for superstition. All was sunshine to the understanding ; but, though we only felt the shadow as something subtle and indefinite, incomprehensible and vexatious, there was a reality which cast it. For my own part, I look with awe and reverence, not with scorn, upon those mysterious forebodings of coming events which seem to bring us into communion with some Invisible Presence. The grandest truths of humanity are those we feel intuitively, and which reason is too weak to teach or to follow.

Adelaide was not strictly beautiful ; yet those who had known her the longest admired her the most. Her face had the power of most varied expression, with a permanent mingling of goodness and a touch of thoughtful sadness that went to the heart. Where suffering has once impressed its signet, the seal remains even through long years of joy and gladness. She was the only child of a wealthy merchant ; a man whose mind had been narrowed down to one thought, the mere accumulation of gold. A task, which, if an *end*, and not a *means* for nobler endeavor, cannot be a whit more dignified than that of the rag and bone gatherer of the streets. He had been "a brute of a husband" to the meekest and gentlest of wives, a harsh master in his household, and a tyrant to his child, who, after all, was the only

creature in the world that he really regarded with anything approaching human affection. Not that it was other than a selfish feeling ; he liked to have her about him, and he made her perform pretty nearly the double duties of valet and private secretary. And she was so amiable she *would* learn to tie his cravat just in the particular bow he desired ; and she stiffened and cramped her legible and lady-like handwriting because he complained that her "g" and "y" were alike, and her "u" and "n" indistinguishable.

In a dull, monotonous life, with her warm, susceptible heart and brilliant imagination feeding upon themselves, passed those few early years of womanhood which are commonly looked upon as the brightest, and are so often the saddest, of existence. Sad they surely must be when character and circumstance are at war, and the spirit is bowed by the shackles it has not power or even the will to rend. Adelaide was two-and-twenty before the epoch of her life arrived—before she met Laurence Dorton. Admirably suited to each other in mind and disposition, in age and in station, a warm attachment sprung up between them, which, though born of that mysterious affinity which marked them for each other, was love at first sight, was yet a love that took some months fully to ripen. There was no rational or prudential objection to the marriage ; but the

tyrant father, unwilling to part with one so necessary to his comfort as Adelaide had become, insisted, as the condition of his consent, that Laurence should spend five years in Calcutta, there to conduct the mercantile affairs of the house in which he was a partner. Of course, the plea was, that such a sacrifice could alone swell his fortune to the amount Mr. Bromley considered it necessary for him to possess; but Laurence Dorton had already wealth, and more than wealth enough to supply every want of himself and his chosen one, without relying on a guinea from her avaricious father. In reality, the heartless old man as deliberately inflicted the misery of exile and separation on Laurence and Adelaide for his own gratification and convenience, as ever the rack or the horrors of the torture-chamber were, in the olden time, called into requisition at the bidding of unscrupulous power.

Strong in the energies and hopes of youth — stronger yet in their perfect faith in each other, they parted; and, if it were a virtue for them so to submit, well was it they knew not the full bitterness of the ordeal to which they had condemned themselves; else might the temptation to a different path have proved too strong for them. Keenly as Laurence felt the separation, his regrets, after the first agony of parting was over, were naturally less intense than those of

Adelaide; not that I would cite an example that should throw a feather's weight into the scale of that orthodox opinion which novel writers and romancists have gone far to create. Laurence Dorton loved as deeply and devotedly as the gentle girl to whom he was betrothed; and his cravings for domestic happiness were as strong as loving woman ever felt. But he went forth to new scenes, and to the active duties of a busy life;—her trial was the harder and more womanly one of endurance. Not only did she realize the poet's truthful lines:—

“'T is not the loss of love's assurance,
'T is not the doubting what thou art;
But 't is the long—too long—endurance
Of absence, which afflicts the heart!”—

but she was denied all the solace which a happy home and parental affection might have afforded her. Within the first year after Laurence Dorton's departure, she lost her mother—a loss which was the first great grief of her life; and now she was thrown almost entirely on the companionship of her morose and tyrannical father, who seemed, as years passed over him, to grow more stern and harsher still. Indeed, some people said that the tyranny he exercised, and the strange caprices in which he indulged, could only be excused on the plea of insanity; and many there

are who *now* positively affirm that he was mad. It is a charitable conclusion at any rate ; yet, if it were so, how many maniacs there must be who walk through the world free as he was to deal misery around them !

However, the daily, hourly, trials of Adelaide, whatever they might be, were ended a few months before the expiration of the five years' absence of Laurence Dorton. Mr. Bromley was found dead in his bed one morning, from the rupture of a blood-vessel in the head, it was said. He died without a will, and his only child, Adelaide, found herself the mistress of above fifty thousand pounds. With all his harshness, she mourned his death sincerely ; for hers was that clinging, affectionate nature, that she must have loved him in some sort, if not with the dear tenderness which the holy tie of parent and child demands.

One of her first steps was to send for a distant relation to reside with her—a lively old lady, who seemed to infuse a new life through that sombre household. Then, as if Adelaide's loving heart had only just discovered its wide capacity for affection, she gathered round her the children of her friends, attaching them to her by a thousand kindnesses and indulgences. Even pets, creatures four-footed and feathered, who would certainly have been strangled or shot in her

father's lifetime, had crept into the house one by one, and found most comfortable quarters.

Directly Laurence Dorton heard of Mr. Bromley's death, he made arrangements to return home; and these were so speedily completed that, travelling by the overland route, he was in England before any tidings of his intention could possibly reach his friends. Adelaide's heart had doubtless told her thus would he do; though when she heard that he was in the house, she put her hands upon her side as if to still the pulse that beat so wildly there. It was not surprise which thus affected her, but that mingling of emotions, which, though they centre in happiness, amount in their intensity almost to agony.

A meeting like theirs is a thing too sacred for description. What though both bore the traces of care and anxiety, and one of the ravages of a tropical climate, their mutual sufferings but drew them more near to each other. Youth and beauty had nothing to do with their heart affection. And yet it was surprising how in a few weeks Adelaide seemed to recover her youthful freshness, and Dorton to regain a tinge of health in his sallow cheeks. The bracing air of our dear, much-abused climate no doubt promoted the latter change, but both basked in a sun of happiness which was not without its visible effect. There was no reason the marriage should be delayed,

and accordingly preparations were made for its celebration. That important feminine affair, the *trousseau*, was selected with infinite taste, it being arranged that Adelaide should not throw off her mourning until the wedding. And the settlements were drawn out, Dorton insisting that the whole of her property should be secured to herself. I was to be her bridesmaid, and, as I have said before, I spent the preceding week at her house. Again I must fail in describing the shadow to which I have already alluded. I can but relate one or two occasions on which we felt it upon us.

One day Dorton had been describing a scene of mournful interest, which took place just before he left Calcutta, in which his life had been jeopardized by a lunatic, and I remember he said, "I shall never forget his eye; there is a look, an expression, which belongs to insanity, that once recognized, is never afterwards to be mistaken."

Adelaide burst into tears,—a fretful, childish flood of tears,—at this recital, and though he and all who were present could understand that she might be affected at hearing of so narrow an escape from a madman's knife as he had had, her emotion seemed in some sort out of character, disproportioned to the cause. There was another day at dinner-time—but of this presently.

Dorton had persuaded Adelaide to sit for her

portrait to a rising and now very eminent young artist, and the picture came home the day before that appointed for the wedding. Adelaide was changing her riding-dress, and Laurence and I chanced to be in the drawing-room alone, when the artist was announced, for he had brought home the portrait himself, to superintend the hanging in a proper light. There was the due amount of trials and consideration common on such occasions, and there were the slight differences of opinion which generally prevail; but finally the spot was chosen, and mutually agreed upon as the best.

It was—is, for I am sure it exists, though I know not where—a beautiful picture. The expressive mouth, and the rich chestnut hair, and the graceful figure, were all depicted with life-like fidelity; and the artist had judiciously chosen the most simple style of dress, thus avoiding the possibility of his work ever appearing what vulgar portraits do become—the “fashion-figure” of some bygone mode.

“A beautiful picture—an excellent likeness,” I exclaimed, in all sincerity.

“Yes, very like,” said Laurence Dorton, but his voice had so strange a tone that I could not help turning my eyes from the portrait to him. “But is there not something,” he continued, addressing the painter, “something—a little

different—rather strange—about the upper part of the face—an expression not belonging to the original?” and as he spoke his lips quivered with suppressed emotion.

“It is there, sir,” said the painter, in a tone of evident mortification, “that I thought I had been the most successful. I flattered myself I had caught the precise expression; a fleeting one, I know, but still sufficiently frequent to be true and characteristic.”

I could not but remark that Dorton grew unusually grave and thoughtful, and when Adelaide entered the room there was a rigid scrutiny instituted of herself and the picture. After this he regained his cheerfulness, but seemed less satisfied with the picture than any one else. At dinner, by a strange freak—and caprice was not common with Adelaide—she insisted upon seating herself between two little girls who were still her guests, instead of taking her customary place next Dorton. Again we felt the shadow of something strange upon us, though Laurence took her playful desertion in excellent part, and seated himself opposite to her. The beginning of the meal went off cheerfully enough, though Adelaide devoted her chief attention to her juvenile friends; but when Laurence raised his glass to take wine with her, their eyes met, though I for a second caught the glance. It was a look I had some-

times, but not often, observed before—the look of the picture! The glass fell from the hand of poor Laurence Dorton, and was shivered on the floor: and the strong man leaned back in his chair with a countenance of ashy paleness.

What an evening that was of dim, indescribable forebodings! No one could tell what ailed Dorton, least of all dear Adelaide, who, now completely her serious, gentle, affectionate self, ministered to him with all the deep tenderness of her nature. Two or three times he nearly fainted, and was relieved at last by a passionate flood of tears. Man's tears! surely they are the very lava streams of the burning heart, dreadful to witness! When he was a little composed, I remember he drew her towards him, and, as he kissed her forehead, murmured, "My poor girl, there is time yet—I know there is; and I will make you so happy."

It was altogether a dreadful evening, with a heavy and yet incomprehensible grief hanging about all our hearts; and long after midnight, when the house was otherwise silent, the listener might detect the measured step of Laurence Dorton, as he paced his chamber. The morning came, a bright spring-morning, and it seemed as if the night had really dispelled the shadows of the day before. Adelaide looked almost beautiful in her bridal dress, and Dorton proud and happy, as he gazed upon her.

"I think I was oppressed with a horrible dream yesterday," he exclaimed, in answer to the numerous inquiries which were made after his health: "a few hours of sleep have made me well again. But, darling," he continued, whispering to Adelaide, as I afterwards learned, "there is one alteration I have had made in the marriage settlements this morning. I have provided for my death, you know, and it is right, dearest, to provide against yours. Should you die without children, and without a will, your property will revert to your father's family."

"Then I ought to make my will to-day, Laurence," she replied with gravity, "and leave it all to you, except a few legacies. My relations are rich, and want it not. Why cannot I make the will at once?"

"Nonsense, nonsense! no will-making at present," he exclaimed; and continued with a smile, "perhaps you may change your mind, by and by, as to the disposal of your money."

The wedding proceeded much as weddings generally do. There were the "old friends" present, and the dainty presents to those who wanted nothing; the usual amount of feathers and lace, wedding cake and white favors; the *dejeûner* and the travelling carriage.

Six weeks afterwards, long before the pleasant tour which they had planned was completed, they

returned unexpectedly to London. No company was received ; scarcely any one saw Mrs. Dorton ; but the carriages of two or three physicians were frequently at the door ; and when by any chance her husband was visible, he appeared the most sorrow-stricken of men. By and by the servants began to talk in sorrow rather than from idle gossip, for Adelaide was beloved by all who knew her ; and then dear friends were sent for, and the dreadful truth was confessed. Poor Adelaide was insane ! incurably so, the most experienced physicians declared.

What an affection that was of Laurence Dorton ! Well, it was something to have been so loved, even for one short hour of unclouded reason, much less for long years, as she had been. He would not listen to any suggestion for her removal, but every arrangement of their splendid home was made subservient to the comfort of the sufferer. A physician took up his residence in the house, and when travelling was recommended, travelled with them. Amid such deep woe, it was some comfort that poor Adelaide herself did not appear unhappy. Her hallucinations were all of a cheerful kind ; projects of wide-extended philanthropy, which her fortune was permitted to gratify ; or, at the worst, harmless fancies. But the restless insanity wore out the frail body, and in a few months it was evident that she was

sinking. She died in the arms of her doting husband, who clung with a sort of delirious fondness to the soulless wreck of her he had loved so well.

Oh, how subtle beyond all human tracing, is the approach of the Dark Terror—Insanity! which comes to humble the pride of intellect, and not unfrequently to limit human happiness. Surely there is something wrong, some balance lost, that this dreadful vampire should find so many victims. But oh! beyond all lessons should its frequent presence teach us to be gentle and kind to gentle and loving spirits, for theirs are of that fine quality whose chords may jar the soonest. It is a dreadful thought, but I believe there are thousands who walk through the world but little regarded, too good to have a thought of mischief which would draw attention to them, but whose minds have been permanently broken by keen affliction—"hope deferred, which maketh the heart sick," or long and wearying anxiety.

Laurence Dorton is travelling in the south of Europe, endeavoring to take an interest in scenes of classic antiquity, and wisely wrestling with his grief instead of yielding to it. He has been a generous friend to the artist, whose painting, associated though it be with agonizing recollections, was surely one of the *Revealings of Genius!*

SONNET.

BY WM. HENRY BROOKFIELD.

WE meet at morning, while the laughing light
Of youth is o'er us ; e'en from life's alloy
Breeding, perforce, like rock-born flowers, a
joy :
Making its dew of tears than mirth more bright.
Anon we part ; but ere the gathering night
Of years, if in the vale again we meet,
Shall we unsmilingly each other greet,
Whose hearts in natural tenderness are dight ?
For me, though silver age sit on my brow,
He shall rise up to hear in after time
Thy well-remembered voice in music flow,
As now it blendeth with the breezy prime ;
Dim twilight as the purpled east shall glow,
And curfew sad like pleasant matins chime.

THE BRIDAL GIFT.

BY MRS. FAIRLIE.

EMILY F. was the daughter of a lady who, since her widowhood, had seen much adversity. Mrs. F. was of good family, and her deceased husband had been highly respected and eminent in his profession. Many of their children had fallen victims to consumption, and there now only remained three of a once numerous family: Emily, Charles and Edward were their names. They were all remarkable for personal beauty; Emily's was of the most feminine and delicate character. Her hair was of a light and glossy brown, and peculiarly abundant; her eyes deep blue, her cheeks faintly tinted with pink, but her lips were of the brightest hue. Such were her charms; and the portrait of her, which was painted when she was on the eve of marriage with one to whom she was most fondly attached, conveys but an inadequate idea of their perfection. Albert was but three years her senior, and was in every respect a suitable match for her. His parents already loved her as their own child, and all who knew them began to think that for once

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the course of true love must run smooth. The wedding day was fixed, and Emily took a natural and innocent delight in looking at the bridal apparel, and simple but elegant accessories to a female toilet, which were gifts from her present and future relatives. Albert was not wealthy, and consequently diamonds, pearls, and rubies, India shawls and costly robes were not there: nor did the happy girl for one moment regret their absence; and her lover, when he saw her glossy ringlets and fair and polished brow, thought plumes and a tiara would almost mar their beauty.

Eagerly did Emily gaze from her chamber window at the hour when Albert usually arrived, and gladly did she hail him when he came. Bright visions of years of bliss floated before them both, and they were never weary of painting their future home. Alas! their hopes were doomed to be unfulfilled. Albert was seized with sudden illness. Medical aid, and the attentions of fond relatives and of an adoring girl were unavailing; and, on the day previous to that which should have shone on her nuptials, Emily had to deplore the death of her lover.

I need not try to paint the anguish of her feelings. Vainly should I waste words to describe that which all can well imagine. Yet Emily sorrowed not as "one without hope;" she had

the blessed conviction that her Albert's virtues had secured to him an eternal abode in those happy regions where there is no parting, where tears cease to flow, and where hearts ache not. Time soothed the violence of her sorrow, but she felt no less than at the first, how totally irreparable was her loss. She spoke not of her departed Albert, but her thoughts were ever with him.

It was about two years after the death of her lover that Emily became acquainted with Lord L. He was a young man of prepossessing manners and appearance, and possessed of a large fortune. His heart was soon bestowed on the gentle and lovely girl, and he paid her many kind and unobtrusive attentions. Lord L. was totally unacquainted with Emily's previous engagement, and attributed to the alteration in her fortune that depression which arose from disappointed affection. Emily believed that he was acquainted with her sad story, and was grateful for his delicate and silent regard ; but she knew not the nature or depth of his feelings. She was therefore much surprised, and really grieved, when he one day avowed his love, and besought her to become his bride. She burst into tears, and for some moments was unable to speak. At length she was about to reply, but a visitor was announced, and ere she had time to say more than "I will write to you," a giddy, fashionable acquaintance entered

the room, who exhibited no intention of a speedy departure. Consequently, in a brief time Lord L. took his leave, wearied by the frivolity, which would at any period have annoyed him, but which now very quickly exhausted his patience.

It was nearly an hour ere Emily bade adieu to the intruder ; she then flew to her mother, whom slight indisposition had confined to her apartment. On naming to her the proposal she had received, Mrs. F. exclaimed, " How fortunate, how delightful ! "

" Delightful ! " echoed her daughter ; " my dearest mother, I do not understand these expressions. "

" Why, what parent would not rejoice at her daughter having engaged the affections of so amiable, agreeable, and in every way charming a young man as Lord L. ? "

" Nay, you should pity him, " said Emily, " since I believe him sincere in his professions of regard, and he will consequently feel much disappointment when I shall tell him how utterly impossible it is that I should ever marry. "

" And why, Emily, should you never marry ? "

" Dear mother, can you ask that question ? — can you believe me so mean as to wed for wealth and rank ? "

" You dislike Lord L., then ? " said Mrs. F.

" Oh ! no ; I think him an amiable and agreea-

ble young man, with much good sense, and high and honorable feeling. I have never met with one whom I would more gladly hail as the husband of my sister, had I one ; but, dearest mother, I can never love again ; my heart lies in the tomb of Albert."

Tears flowed abundantly as she concluded, and for some time they were both silent. At length Mrs. F. resumed :

"I have, I believe, Emily, always been a kind and tender parent to you."

"You have, you have, indeed!" interrupted her daughter.

"And I have never been unreasonable or unjust. Emily, were Albert living, I would not urge you to marry another, though a reigning sovereign should ask you for his bride. But, he is gone, and since Lord L. is not personally disagreeable to you—since you know and appreciate his many amiable and estimable qualities, I beseech you not to refuse the happy and brilliant position which is now offered to you. I am aware that a young and ardent girl imagines that it is necessary to be *violently in love* when she marries. You say *you* can never be so more ; but trust me, my dear child, respect, esteem, and regard, will make you as happy as, or even perhaps happier than, love could do."

Did Mrs. F. believe her own words ? I doubt

it; at any rate she failed to convince her daughter. But I will not detail the many conversations which took place between the ladies; suffice it to say, Emily agreed that her mother should see Lord L. the following day and explain to him her feelings.

When her eldest son returned that evening, Mrs. F. was closeted with him for some time. He told her he was sure Lord L. was in total ignorance of Albert ever having existed; and strongly urged her not to mention to his lordship the circumstances of his sister's attachment.

"Of course," added he, "Emily feels at first a little dislike to form a new engagement. It is natural, since it recalls more vividly the memory of poor Albert. He was a fine, noble fellow, and any girl might have liked him; but L. is also an excellent young man; he is besides handsome and rich, and Emily will soon insensibly become attached to him. I would let her imagine he knew all her former history, whilst, in fact, I would tell him she was not prepared to give a decided answer at present, and keep him in a little suspense, at the same time giving great hopes (which I think you reasonably may) of a final satisfactory reply."

Mrs. F. highly approved of her son's scheme, and acted accordingly. Some months afterwards, Lord L., who had continued his visits, again be-

sought Miss F. to become his wife. His letter was a rare specimen of ardent affection and good sense. Had it by any accident fallen into the hands of an uninterested stranger, it would, unlike the generality of love letters, have failed to excite a smile of derision. This epistle had its due effect with Emily; and her relatives so strongly urged her, that she at length gave her consent. She now strove as much as possible to banish all remembrance of other days. Lord L. was fond of the splendor which became his wealth and rank, yet his taste was not gaudy. His house in town was furnished with elegance and beauty, but simplicity. The jewels with which he presented his bride were equally neat and costly. Her boudoir was a little paradise. The choicest works of English and foreign authors, in the most elegant bindings, adorned the bookshelves; beautiful plants, among which, Emily's favorite, the moss rose, was conspicuous, shed a delicious odor around. The chimney-piece was supported on either side by Cupid and Psyche, two beautiful marble figures from the chisel of the younger Westmacott. A magnificent Tournay carpet covered the floor; a few exquisite pictures of the ancient school, and one by a modern artist, but beautifully finished, hung upon the walls. The last was a portrait of Lord L. All that affection could imagine, art invent, and wealth

purchase, was united to adorn the boudoir of the fair Emily.

At length, the 12th of May, the day so anxiously anticipated by Lord L., arrived. His sisters were to be the bride's maids, and as they assisted to adorn the gentle Emily for the nuptial ceremony, they formed a lovely group. Fanny was just arranging the fall of the bridal veil, when Bertha, gazing from the window, exclaimed, "Here comes Edgar! naughty boy, why this is quite contrary to all etiquette; the bride and bridegroom should meet for the first time on their wedding day, at the altar. Look, Emily, how beautiful the new carriage looks, and what splendid bay horses."

Emily could only faintly smile, and echo the word "beautiful."

"See! the carriage drives away again; Edgar has left a parcel," continued Bertha, and she ran out of the room to meet the servant who brought it. A little note contained these words:—

"I send my beloved Emily some of our family jewels. The pearls, love, are less delicately fair than thou, and cannot add to thy beauty, yet wear them for the sake of thine adoring

"L."

The bride's maids eagerly opened the case, but started back with affrighted looks and exclamations of horror. Emily bent forward to discover

the cause of their alarm, and beheld *a set of jet ornaments*. She was not superstitious, yet who can wonder that the color forsook her cheeks, and a sick, faint feeling came over her? She strove to conquer it, however, and succeeded.

The time had arrived for the party to assemble at the church. Lord L. met his bride at the door of the sacred edifice, and perceiving her neck and arms were unadorned, "Why," said he, "did not my Emily wear my bridal gift? surely the ornaments were meet to adorn her on her nuptial day."

The brow of the gentle maiden, which had the previous moment worn a smile of chastened sadness, became overcast. The sad recollection of Albert obtruded on her heart, and she muttered to herself, "Yes! funereal emblems are meet for her whose heart is in the grave."

But L. heard her not, for his sisters were chidingly telling him of the strange and disagreeable mistake he had made in sending a mourning suit instead of one of orient pearls. He naturally felt considerable annoyance; but at this moment they were called to the altar, and in a few minutes the vows were pronounced which bound him for life to the object of his ardent affection.

Congratulations passed round. I need not pause to describe the *dejeuné*, nor the company. Emily changed her bridal attire for a more usual

style of dress; and the next day's paper announced that "the happy pair left town, in a travelling chariot and four, for L. Hall, the bridegroom's splendid seat in Herts."

Nothing could exceed the kindness and devoted attention shown by Lord L. to his beautiful Emily; and she felt the deepest gratitude towards him, but she could not reciprocate his passion. The idea that she had broken her vows to Albert haunted her; and her health and spirits declined daily. At the end of a fortnight they returned to town. Mrs. F. assisted Lord L. to nurse the gentle patient, and his fair sisters strove to amuse her mind, but in vain. To them, as well as their brother, the cause of her too evident grief was a mystery.

On the 12th of June, many of those who that day month had assisted at the wedding, were again assembled in the same church. The same minister officiated; but now, as he opened the book, his hand trembled, and tears rendered his voice scarcely audible as he read the burial service! The remains of the fair and gentle Emily were committed to the earth. And her fond husband, knew he what had slain her? Yes; she left these lines for him:—

"I have striven, but in vain, dear Edgar, to bear up against my grief. The effort was beyond

my strength. Forget me, and seek in a union with another that bliss which there was but little hope of your finding with her whose heart has long been in the tomb. Forgive me, dear, kind Edgar. Indeed, indeed, I strove to be happy, and it was not your fault I was not so. You knew how I had loved Albert. I never could speak to you on the subject, but my mother told me all you said. Heaven bless you, and assist you in a second and more fortunate choice.

“EMILY.”

“And *I* have killed her,” said he, when he had perused the scroll. “Had she remained faithful to her first vows, she might have lived for years.”

“Dear Edgar,” urged his sisters, “you knew not of her previous attachment. On her mother and brothers rests the blame.”

Edgar mournfully shook his head and left the room.

“Poor, dear brother,” said Fanny, “he deserved a happier fate.”

More than a year after, Lord L. and his sisters were met by some English travellers at Nice. He was there for the restoration of his health, and hoping to find in change of scene a balm to soothe his griefs.

THE TWO SISTERS.

A VILLAGE STORY.

BY MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

THE pretty square farm-house, standing at the corner where Kibes Lane crosses the brook, or the brook crosses Kibes Lane, (for the first phrase, although giving by far the closest picture of the place, does, it must be confessed, look rather Irish,) and where the aforesaid brook winds away by the side of another lane, until it spreads into a river-like dignity, as it meanders through the sunny plain of Hartley Common, and finally disappears amidst the green recesses of Perge Wood—that pretty square farm-house, half hidden by the tall elms in the flower court before it, which, with the spacious garden and orchard behind, and the extensive barn, yards, and outbuildings, so completely occupies one of the angles formed by the crossing of the land and the stream,—that pretty farm-house contains one of the happiest and most prosperous families in Aberleigh, the large and thriving family of Farmer Evans.

Whether from skill, or from good fortune, or, as is most probable, from a lucky mixture of both

everything goes right in his great farm. His crops are the best in the parish; his hay is never spoiled; his cattle never die; his servants never thieve; his children are never ill. He buys cheap and sells dear; money gathers about him like a snow-ball; and yet, in spite of all this provoking and intolerable prosperity, everybody loves Farmer Evans. He is so hospitable, so good-natured, so generous, so homely! There, after all, lies the charm. Riches have not only not *spoilt* the man, but they have not altered him. He is just the same in look, and word, and way, that he was thirty years ago, when he and his wife, with two sorry horses, one cow, and three pigs, began the world at Dean-Gate, a little bargain of twenty acres, two miles off:—aye, and his wife is the same woman!—the same frugal, tidy, industrious, good-natured Mrs. Evans, so noted for her activity of tongue and limb, her good looks, and her plain dressing: as frugal, as good-natured, as active, and as plain-dressing Mrs. Evans at forty-five as she was at nineteen, and, in a different way, almost as good-looking.

Their children—six “boys,” as Farmer Evans promiscuously calls them, whose ages vary from eight to eight-and-twenty—and three girls, two grown up, and one the youngest of the family,—are just what might be expected from parents so simple and so good. The young men, intelligent

and well-conducted ; the boys docile and promising ; and the little girl as pretty a curly-headed, rosy-cheeked poppet, as ever was the pet and plaything of a large family. It is, however, with the eldest daughters that we have to do.

Jane and Patty Evans were as much alike as hath often befallen any two sisters not born at one time :—for, in the matter of twin children, there has been a series of puzzles ever since the days of Dromios. Nearly of an age, (I believe that at this moment both are turned of nineteen, and neither has reached twenty,) exactly of a stature, (so high that Frederick would have coveted them for wives for his tall regiment,) with hazel eyes, large mouths, full lips, white teeth, brown hair, clear, healthy complexions, and that sort of nose which is neither Grecian, nor Roman, nor aquiline, nor *le petit nez retroussé*, that some persons prefer to them all ; but a nose which, moderately prominent, and sufficiently well shaped, is yet, as far as I know, anonymous, although it be perhaps as common and as well-looking a feature as is to be seen on an English face.

Altogether, they were a pair of tall and comely maidens, and, being constantly attired in garments of the same color and fashion, looked, at all times, so much alike, that no stranger ever dreamed of knowing them apart ; and even their acquaintances were rather accustomed to think

and speak of them generally as "the Evans'," than as the separate individuals, Jane and Patty. Even those who did pretend to distinguish the one from the other, were not exempt from mistakes, which the sisters, Patty especially, who delighted in the fun so often produced by the unusual resemblance, were apt to favor by changing places in a walk, or slipping from one side to the other at a country tea party, or playing a hundred innocent tricks to occasion at once a grave blunder and a merry laugh.

Old Dinah Goodwin, for instance, who, being rather purblind, was jealous of being suspected of seeing less clearly than her neighbors, and had defied even the Evans' to puzzle her discernment seeking in vain on Patty's hand the cut finger which she had dressed on Jane's, ascribed the incredible cure to the merits of her own incomparable salve, and could hardly be undeceived, even by the pulling off of Jane's glove, and the exhibition of the lacerated digital sewed round by her own bandage.

Young George Bailey too, the greatest beau in the parish, having betted at a Christmas party that he would dance with every pretty girl in the room, lost his wager (which Patty had overheard) by that saucy damsel's slipping into her sister's place, and persuading her to join her own unconscious partner; so that George danced twice with

Patty, and not at all with Jane. A flattering piece of malice, which proved, as the young gentleman (a rustic exquisite of the first water) was pleased to assert, that Miss Patty was not displeased with her partner. How little does a vain man know of womankind ! If she had liked him, she would not have played the trick for the mines of Golconda.

In short, from their school-days, when Jane was chidden for Patty's bad work, and Patty slapped for Jane's bad spinning, down to this their prime of womanhood, there had been no end to the confusion produced by this remarkable instance of family likeness.

And yet Nature, who sets some mark of individuality upon her meanest productions, making some unnoted difference between the lambs dropped from one ewe, the robins bred in one nest, the flowers growing on one stalk, and the leaves hanging from one tree, had not left these young maidens without one great and permanent distinction—a natural and striking dissimilarity of temper. Equally industrious, affectionate, happy and kind ; each was kind, happy, affectionate, and industrious in a different way. Jane was grave ; Patty was gay. If you heard a laugh or a song, be sure it was Patty ; she who smiled, for certain was Patty ; she who jumped the stile, when her sister opened the gate, was Patty ; she

who chased the pigs from the garden as merrily as if she were running a race, so that the pigs did not mind her, was Patty.

On the other hand, she that so carefully was making, with its own ravelled threads, an invisible darn in her mother's handkerchief, and hearing her little sister read the while; she that so patiently was feeding, one by one, two broods of young turkeys; she that so pensively was watering her own bed of delicate and somewhat rare flowers,—the pale hues of the Alpine pink, or the alabaster blossoms of the white evening primrose, whose modest flowers, dying off into a blush, resemble her own character, was Jane.

Some of the gossips of Aberleigh used to assert that Jane's sighing over the flowers, as well as the early steadiness of her character, arose from an engagement to my lord's head gardener, an intelligent, sedate, and sober young Scotsman. Of this I know nothing. Certain it is that the prettiest and newest plants were always to be found in Jane's little flower border, and if Mr. Archibald Maclean did sometimes come to look after them, I do not see that it was any business of anybody's.

In the mean time, a visitor of a different description arrived at the farm. A cousin of Mrs. Evans' had been as successful in trade as her husband had been in agriculture, and he had now

sent his only son to become acquainted with his relations, and to spend some weeks in their family.

Charles Foster was a fine young man, whose father was neither more nor less than a rich linen-draper, in a great town; but whose manners, education, mind, and character might have done honor to a far higher station. He was, in a word, one of nature's gentlemen; and in nothing did he more thoroughly show his own taste and good breeding, than by entering entirely into the homely ways and old-fashioned habits of his country cousins. He was delighted with the simplicity, frugality, and industry, which blended well with the sterling goodness, and genuine abundance of the great English farm-house. The young women especially pleased him much. They formed a strong contrast with anything that he had met with before. No finery! no coquetry! no French! no piano! It is impossible to describe the sensation of relief and comfort with which Charles Foster, sick of musical misses, ascertained that the whole dwelling did not contain a single instrument, except the bassoon on which George Evans was wont, every Sunday at church, to excruciate the ears of the whole congregation. He liked both sisters. Jane's softness and considerateness engaged his full esteem; but Patty's innocent playfulness suited best with his own

high spirits, and animated conversation. He had known them apart from the first, and indeed denied that the likeness was at all puzzling, or more than is usual between sisters, and secretly thought Patty as much prettier than her sister as she was avowedly merrier. In doors and out, he was constantly at her side; and before he had been a month in the house, all its inmates had given Charles Foster as a lover to his young cousin; and she, when rallied on the subject, cried fie! and pish! and pshaw! and wondered how people could talk such nonsense, and liked to have such nonsense talked to her better than anything in the world.

Affairs were in this state, when one night Jane appeared even graver and more thoughtful than usual, and far, far sadder. She sighed deeply; and Patty, for the two sisters shared the same little room, inquired tenderly "What ailed her?" The inquiry seemed to make Jane worse. She burst into tears, whilst Patty hung over her and soothed her. At length, she aroused herself by a strong effort; and turning away from her affectionate comforter, said in a low tone: "I have had a great vexation to-night, Patty; Charles Foster has asked me to marry him."

"Charles Foster! Did you say Charles Foster?" asked poor Patty, trembling, unwilling even

to trust her own senses against the evidence of her heart; "Charles Foster?"

"Yes, our cousin, Charles Foster."

"And you have accepted him?" inquired Patty in a hoarse voice.

"Oh no! no! no! Do you think I have forgotten poor Archibald? Besides, I am not the person whom he ought to have asked to marry him; false and heartless as he is. I would not be his wife; cruel, unfeeling, unmanly as his conduct has been! No! not if he would make me queen of England!"

"You refused him then?"

"No, my father met us suddenly, just as I was recovering from the surprise and indignation that at first struck me dumb. But I shall refuse him most certainly;—the false, deceitful, ungrateful villain!"

"Poor father! He will be disappointed. So will mother."

"They will be disappointed and both angry—but not at my refusal. Oh, how they will despise him!" added Jane; and poor Patty, melted by her sister's sympathy, and touched by an indignation most unusual in that mild and gentle girl, could no longer command her feelings, but flung herself on the bed in that agony of passion and grief which the first great sorrow seldom fails to excite in a young heart.

After a while she resumed the conversation. "We must not blame him too severely. Perhaps my vanity made me think his attentions meant more than they really did, and you had all taken up the notion. But you must not speak of him so unkindly. He has done nothing but what is natural. You are so much wiser and better than I am, my own dear Jane! He laughed and talked with me: but he felt your goodness,—and he was right. I was never worthy of him, and you are; and if it were not for Archibald, I should rejoice from the bottom of my heart," continued Patty, sobbing, "if you would accept"—but unable to finish her generous wish, she burst into a fresh flow of tears; and the sisters, mutually and strongly affected, wept in each other's arms, and were comforted.

That night, Patty cried herself to sleep: but such sleep is not of long duration. Before dawn she was up, and pacing, with restless irritability, the dewy grass-walks of the garden and orchard. In less than half an hour, a light, elastic step (she knew the sound well!) came rapidly behind her; a hand (oh, how often had she thrilled at the touch of that hand!) tried to draw hers under his own; while a well-known voice addressed her in the softest and tenderest accents; "Patty, my own sweet Patty! have you thought of what I said to you last night?"

"To *me*?" replied Patty, with bitterness.

"Aye, to be sure; to your dear self! Do you not remember the question I asked you, when your good father, for the first time unwelcome, joined us so suddenly that you had not time to say Yes? And will you not say *Yes* now?"

"Mr. Foster," replied Patty, with some spirit, "you are under a mistake here. It was to Jane that you made a proposal yesterday evening; and you are taking me for her at this moment."

"Mistake you for your sister! Propose to Jane! Incredible! impossible! You are jesting."

"Then he mistook Jane for me last night,—and he is no deceiver!" thought Patty to herself, as, with smiles beaming brightly through her tears, she turned round at his reiterated prayers, and yielded the hand he sought to his pressure. "He mistook her for me! he, that defied us to perplex him!"

And so it was; an unconscious and unobserved change of place, as either sister resumed her station beside little Betty, who had scampered away after a glow-worm, added to the deepening twilight, and the lover's natural embarrassment, had produced the confusion which gave poor Patty a night's misery, to be compensated by a lifetime of happiness. Jane was almost as glad to lose a lover as her sister was to regain

one. Charles is gone home to his father's to make preparations for his bride; Archibald has taken a great nursery garden, and there is some talk in Aberleigh that the marriage of the two sisters is to be celebrated on the same day.

THE HOURS.

BY THOMAS ATKINSON.

Hours — minutes — moments are the smaller coin
 That make the sum of even the richest life ;
 But yet there are no misers of their hoards,
 Nor usance reckoned in the mart upon them ;
 Still they are priceless ! —

NAY, Pallet, paint not thus the hours, —
 Young urchins weaving wreaths of flowers ;
 Hiding in the buds of roses,
 Where the folding pink-leaf closes,
 Peeping from the sunflower's stem
 Or a beauty's garment hem !
 No ! — rather, Limner, make them lurk,
 Busy at their blanching work,
 Withering wrinkles in the cheek, —
 Every hour before, more sleek ; —
 In the dimples — 'neath the lid
 Of the eye ; — or show them slid
 Sly among the auburn tresses,
 Like a falcon bound with jesses,
 Turning them to silvery grey ;
 Scattering snow tints in their play !
 Oh ! the hours are crabbed creatures,
 Still at war with beauty's features !

SUNSET.

BY A. S.

It is the quiet sunset hour,
 And in the glowing west,
 The orb of day, with softened power,
 Is sinking to his rest ;
 The rippling stream reflects his beam,
 As mirrored from the sky ;
 While through the trees the evening breeze
 Murmurs its fitful sigh.

And lovely is the scene around,
 In each accordant part ;
 Its soothing quietude profound
 Sinks down upon the heart ;
 As evening dew the floweret's hues
 And fragrance keep alive ;
 So in the soul its mild control
 Bids heaven-born peace revive.

How beautiful, in light and shade,
 Those over-arching trees !
 The shepherd swain beneath them laid,
 Securely and at ease.

11*

His fleecy charge, which roam at large,
Or ruminant at will,
With him partake, by that calm lake,
Of quiet joy their fill.

And brightly on the lake's broad breast
The hues of evening glow ;
More richly still their splendors rest
On that far mountain's brow ;
The vaulted sky displays on high
The blissful hues of even ;
And earth the while repays each smile
Of beauty caught from heaven.

Morn's splendor, vanishing too soon,
Might more appeal to sense ;
And the unclouded blaze of noon
Boast glory more intense ;
To this calm hour a holier power,
An influence more sublime,
Is given to bless with tenderness
Its fleeting span of time.

'T is something in a world like this,
Of toil, and care and strife,
Moments to know, whose purer bliss
Relume our inward life ;
Given to the soul to point its goal
In brighter realms above,

And make it feel the mute appeal
Of Faith, and Hope, and Love !

By day—the world's tired denizen,
From habit, choice or need,
Finds all that is around him then
A worldly spirit feed ;
To gather wealth he spends his health
Of body or of mind ;
Of poverty, with evil eye,
To all but self is blind.

By day—the thousand lures that cheat
Our spirits with their thrall,
Their semblances so counterfeit,
They seem not cheats at all ;—
Then Pleasure's wile puts on the smile
Of joys that must endure ;
Ambition's schemes, Fame's idle dreams,
Seem lofty, noble, pure.

The sunset hour ! the sunset hour !
In lone and thoughtful mood,
Breaks of such dangerous spells the power,
And makes them understood.
Would hearts but learn and eyes discern
The lessons it may teach,
Its quietness would truth impress,
And sober wisdom preach,

Who, thus instructed, e'er could view
The landscape, and forget
That soon or late, as surely too,
Life's sun to us must set ;
In weal or woe, we, too, must know,
With glory or with gloom,
Mid calm or strife, the sun of life
Sink down into the tomb !

Whether that hour of import high
Be one to hope or dread, —
Whether with this its splendors vie
Or clouds be round it spread —
Must on the use or the abuse
Of God's own gifts depend, —
Boons all bestowed to guide our road
Unto a glorious end.

"At even-tide there shall be light!"
'T is God's own gracious word ;—
But whose shall be its influence bright,
However long deferred ?
Not theirs its ray, who, in their day,
Have 'gainst the light rebelled,
And through their race, each gift of grace
Have slighted, quenched and quelled.

"At even-tide there shall be light!"
To all whose hope and love

Leads them by faith, and not by sight,
To follow Christ above ;
Who here have borne his cross of scorn,
And known his saving grace ;
Its power impart to make the heart
His Spirit's dwelling-place !

A SIMPLE TALE OF LOVE.

BY AMALIE WINTER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN BY MADAME DE CHATELAIN.

THE baronial family at the château of Waldenburg were spending the twilight each according to their humor. The father and mother were dozing in the ponderous easy-chairs of the study; the guests were resting in their several rooms; the children were all gathered together in the nursery, for the sake of the little light it afforded, as the darker rooms seemed "uncanny" to their young fancies, and in the recess of one of the windows sat a pair of lovers, in sweet converse, not unmixed with kisses. Lovers, above all, must prize those twilight hours, where the blush passes unseen, though not unperceived, and where the holy feeling of love assumes a warmer and deeper language than that of mere words. Such was the twilight hour at Waldenburg, when, besides tea and candles, the arrival of an aunt was expected.

"What is this aunt like?" inquired young Hugo von Stein, the lover, who felt somewhat put out by her promised visit; for he thought her presence

would disturb him in the enjoyment of his privilege of kissing and courting his future bride, as he set it down that the aunt must be a prudish old maid.

Antoinette, his intended, said, in answer to his question:—"My aunt is a widow, very friendly and kind, and still rather pretty, though old. She is my father's youngest sister, and must be thirty, if not a few months more."

To a girl of sixteen, thirty seems a great age; but her lover, being himself not far from that age, and having seen the world, smiled at the opinion expressed by the young maiden, and though he might not perhaps have read Balzac's *Femme de trente ans*, he perfectly understood the charm of ripper beauty, and of an experienced mind blended with feelings more conscious of its own strength.

"My aunt reads a great deal, and tells a story very pleasantly," continued Antoinette; "she smiles, and laughs, and jokes, and is frolicsome; but she likes to philosophize, too, sometimes, and when she tells stories, she sprinkles them with reflections, as one strews flowers on the table for a birthday, sometimes more and sometimes less, just as it happens. But she only works out a part of a tale, and never completes it, and then she suddenly ends it as if she were tired of relating it, or as if she thought her hearer's patience was at an end. Perhaps she does so from a liking

that people should wish to hear more, and reproach her for cutting it so short. 'There is a crisis in every one's life,' she says, in reply; 'and, when this is once told, there is little left to say; yet this crisis gives a color to one's whole existence, and from it characters receive their peculiar stamp.' So says my aunt, and then her story is done."

The intended bridegroom was so much interested by this account, that he forgot to seal his beloved's mouth with a kiss, when she had finished speaking. "I shall like very much to become acquainted with your aunt," said he, with something like a sigh.

"That is a pleasure that you can easily command," said a soft voice at his side, that proceeded from a shadowy-looking figure that had approached with so light a step as to be unperceived. "For aunt is come," continued the appearance, at the same time flinging off her fur mantle and withdrawing her veil.

"Aunt! aunt!" exclaimed Antoinette, and jumped up in high glee; she was running to call together all the inmates of the house, but the whole château was already raised. The word "aunt" rang through the nursery and on the stairs, and in a moment the whole family flocked to the room, together with the tea equipage and lights. Aunt was surrounded, stormed with ex-

pressions of joyous welcome ; questions and answers followed in rapid succession, and the very servants were sharers in the general joy.

Antoinette's lover alone remained a silent observer ; amidst the moving circle he could look on nothing but aunt, and yet she was by no means handsome. Her eyes had the soul-inspired look of intellect and feeling, her smile was sweet and full of self-denial, and her melodious voice was persuasion itself. She was rather pale, yet her cheek was quickly tinged by any emotion. Her hair was soft and silky, and of that blonde shade that seldom or never turns to grey. Altogether, aunt had a very interesting appearance.

"I could not kiss her, as I would Antoinette," thought Stein to himself, as he gazed at her from the recess of the window, while she sat in the great easy-chair in the full light of the lamp, and had directed her earnest glance towards her brother, who had asked and obtained information on the political events of the town she came from ; "No, I could not kiss her,—she inspires me with too much respect,—but I could kneel before her, and I could love her to very madness."

Antoinette would never have dreamt of such a possibility, because she thought her aunt too old ; it was, perhaps, lucky that she did not think it possible.

Aunt now related her travels; she called herself a female Diogenes without a lantern, seeking for men and finding them. Yes, she had found a great many men; but she only recognized as such those who acknowledged it to be their duty to do honor to the dignity of mankind—those, in short, who struggle, think, do good, and are human beings in the best sense of the word; merely to live and enjoy seemed to her beneath the dignity of our species. She had had occasion to perceive that fate very seldom strews our path with flowers, nor had she ever met with a single being who wandered amongst roses; she, therefore, could never help blaming the saying, “Wander through roses and forget-me-nots,” whenever she found it inscribed on cups and saucers. But, for this very reason, she plucked flowers by the way as often as she could, and many were the little joys she experienced, and the pleasing features in her life and her travels that she had to relate, which would have escaped the perception of others.

Aunt had begun by appearing interesting, and she finished by being entertaining. Antoinette’s intended became more thoughtful, and, during the twilight hour on the following evening, he more than once was guilty of yawning beside his beloved instead of kissing her, and his fate, which but a few days back appeared under such rosy

hues, now seemed itself to resemble the dusky shades of twilight. Aunt received his silent homage as that of a new and happy nephew, joked at the impassioned kiss he impressed on her hand, and at his respectful admiration of her fine eyes, and at the long and lively conversations that he carried on with her, at the conclusion of which generally neither stood out for their opinion. "You deserve to be called a man," would she then say, reaching her hand to him in a friendly manner; and he felt that in saying this she had given him the noblest praise, and even a high place in her esteem.

Antoinette was several times put out at not being able to converse with him like her aunt, and at being half overlooked by her lover on her account; she felt neglected, and secretly began to have misgivings about the inconstancy and ingratitude of the male sex. But in her heart of hearts she blamed her aunt as a coquette; for amiable women are always called so as long as they remain young.

"Aunt has not yet told us a single story." Such was the general cry; and the whole company joined in the request that she would enliven the evening by so doing. The urn had now ceased humming, and there were two hours yet to supper time, and so her story must last till then.

"Shall it be a tale or a ghost story?" said the friendly, obliging creature.

"Whatever you like," answered Antoinette, "for you relate everthing so prettily—but I should prefer a love story," and here she threw a tender look at her lover, "because then one knows that it is all true."

"True?" inquired aunt, "what do you call true? Do you mean to designate by such a word only those events that have really happened, the daily comings and goings which are visible to every eye? My good children, you little think how much that is false often happens in real life, how many lies are sometimes mixed up with love, while frequently in ghost stories there is nothing improbable beyond the winding sheet that is always thrown over the world of spirits, and the rattling of chains that announces their approach, while the tale itself perhaps expounds in the most attractive manner the hieroglyphics that the Creator has written in nature and human life. A love story, on the contrary, is like a chameleon, and appears under a thousand false colors. It is like a soap-bubble that bursts at the touch of cold reason. Who can, in fact, define what love is? To one it is a bugbear, to another a pleasing fable—ambrosia to a third, and homely fare to a fourth; youth looks upon it as champagne froth, while old age considers it as the leaven of exist-

ence, which only now and then produces an agreeable fermentation. It requires some courage to tell a love story, because so few listeners take an interest in it. The men won't pay any attention to it; they extricate themselves so very easily from the labyrinth of love, as their Ariadne's threads are generally made of such very coarse materials! Old women don't like either to hear anything more on the subject; it all comes to the same in the end, say they, as all cats are grey in the dark; in old age all love seems colorless; it is so far removed from them that the lights and shades escape their mental vision. Women of forty, who wander about like the spirits of the departed, in the kingdom of memory, who have not yet forgotten that which they would give the world to be able to forget, are only pained by love stories; the sighs of their youth seem to rustle through the air and fill them with sadness; each fond word is a dagger to their souls; they feel uneasy and chagrined. They ask themselves—why was I loved, and why am I no longer loved? What availed the beatings of my heart, and my dreams of happiness? Such questions rise up before them in startling array. No: women of forty cease to read love stories. Youth alone still reads them and listens to them with glowing cheeks and beating hearts, and it is for you, my

dear young folks, that I shall tell my tale of love."

Aunt then turned to the lovers: "I would fain compare my love story to those saints' pictures that ingenious nuns paint upon cobwebs. Each thread, delicate as it may be, is important in love, while every important event appears a mere thread, a trifle, a nothing, to those standing without the magic circle; therefore, my dear listeners, should the ground-work appear too thin and too poor in your eyes, you can tear the fragile texture by questions and interruptions; yet the saintly image will still remain sacred, and preserve an altar in our hearts.

"The heroine of my tale—allow me to christen her by my own name, and call her Cecilia—the heroine of my tale was—guess what?"

"A princess?"

"Heaven forbid: for then I should be obliged to introduce a mistress of the ceremonies into my love story, for which these excellent ladies are not at all calculated, as they would then be obliged occasionally to hide their heads like the ostrich. I should also have to attend to the niceties of etiquette that in many cases and many places would almost sooner suit a ghost story. Nor is my heroine a countess, or a good match of any kind; such a person is indeed a god-send for little towns, because she attracts suitors, but

she is of no use in a tale of love. I should be obliged to say how rich she was, and even to reckon up her fortune—and both moral and physical dirt always sticks to money. No! one must needs possess a pure heart and finger to weave the magic web of love. Neither have I sought a heroine amongst grisettes, although it is now the fashion, and Goëthe himself has immortalized the hand that uses a broom on Saturdays. I have not chosen my heroine amongst the small-footed Chinese, nor the fiery mulattoes, nor the *piquantes* negresses; no, my heroine is much more unromantic, has much less claims to interest, is less known and less valued, and often held much cheaper, than all those I have mentioned—she is simply a country girl.

“Her parents’ estate lay in Franconia, and she belonged to that class of Franconian young ladies that are called familiarly thousand florin herbs,* because their dower only consists of a thousand florins. A girl’s heart has often been compared to a sheet of blank paper; but this is a mistaken notion—the sheet is full, and more than full, but the characters are penned with sympathetic ink, and no one can read them, till peculiar circumstances render them intelligible. But on the soul of a young maiden brought up in the country

* Tausend Gulden Kraut.

many things stand written that are unknown to a town-bred young lady ; amongst which may be reckoned a serene childhood unshaded by the restraints of school, and a life of harmless joys.

“ Cecilia grew up like a wild lily, and nature was her governess. She perfected her dancing at country assemblies, while her taste for dress was formed by an antiquated fashion-book, whose long list of subscribers was closed by her parent’s name. Everything seemed to afford Cecilia joy, whether it was spring and its first violets, or hay-time and its merry hay-makers, or harvest and the wagon-loads of corn, or sheep-shearing. On all such occasions there was sure to be music and dancing, and numerous guests, and cakes large enough for the race of Liliputians to have held a ball upon one of them. In the country, cakes and conversation invariably go together, and all residents in the country need take a lively interest in the latter, and have a good stomach for the former.

“ Cecilia lived happy and cheerful at her father’s seat, until she was considered grown up, and of an age to be introduced into society ; she was then taken to town one winter, and for several months she took lessons in music and drawing, went to the theatres, and danced her fill. She received with gratitude all the pleasures offered her ; country and town life had an equal

charm in her eyes. Life seemed to her one continued chain of flowers, whose perfume was to be inhaled without stopping to regret the blossoms that faded away. She already began to philosophize a little, yet her views of life were still so rosy-hued, that her cheerful philosophy was as yet unchallenged by the dark shades of gravity.

"On a neighboring estate lived a family on terms of intimate friendship with Cecilia's parents; and the easy intercourse peculiar to country life was carried on with all the more zest between the two houses, as all the members of each agreed so well together, and the two fathers, the two mothers, and the children, were so exactly suited to each other's taste.

"Cecilia's favorite playfellow was Robert, who was only a few years older than herself. While he was at school, he used to come home on holidays, and for all family festivities; and when he studied in town, he spent the carnival with Cecilia. The intercourse between these two was of the most hearty, friendly kind; their childlike hearts sailed on life's ocean side by side in a perpetual calm. There were no shoals, no storms; there was neither advice, reproaches, nor an obstacle of any kind thrown in their way; consequently, no passion could exist. If Cecilia had got into any dilemma with her engagements at a ball, her old playfellow would help her out of it;

if a disagreeable partner requested her hand, Robert was ready to dance with her. In short, on all occasions where Cecilia wanted a man's protection, in crowds or in public places, Robert's arm was always ready, and if she did not acknowledge how necessary and useful he was to her, it was merely because she had never known what it was to be without him.

"It was a journey to Karlsbad that first unfolded to Cecilia a new world of pleasures in which Robert had no share. She was obliged to accompany her father, who was much delighted to find there a friend of former times. This friend had a son who 'suited Cecilia as if he had been made for her, and she for him;' at least so said the fathers, and a marriage was accordingly agreed upon between them. Cecilia could not pick a fault with the young man; he was handsome, engaging, friendly, and courted her as much as people court when their parents resolve upon a match. The young man had become master of the horse in the capital; therefore, by marrying him, Cecilia would not be taken far away from her relations and the scenes of her youth. There was nothing to say against the match, not even the slightest disinclination. On the last day of their residence at the watering-place, Cecilia gave her consent without the least

persuasion, of her own free will, and in the full conviction that she had made no bad choice.

"It is true that she did not feel that full tide of bliss, that firm belief in an eternity of happiness, or that triumphant reliance on the strength of her love, that ought to be the case on such an occasion; but she thought of an establishment, of settlements, and of the wedding ball, at which Robert would dance, and she was serenely cheerful. She had several times written to Robert from Karlsbad, without exactly mentioning the master of the horse, or her matrimonial projects; but giving an account of the journey, of Karlsbad, of the promenades, the *Hirschsprung*, the Devil's whirlpool, and other sights, for she had thought of Robert as often as anything had pleased her. The whirlpool had reminded her of a sketch of his, and in the diary that she wrote on purpose for Robert, she connected every object with himself; she wished, she said, to be the eye-glass through which he should look round upon the world; and, therefore, she introduced all her acquaintances to his notice, showing the peculiar characteristics of each with all the natural quickness of a girl, seasoned by the drollery of a cloudless spirit. Thus, at first, she had mentioned the master of the horse, and heralded him in with the choicest Saxon dialect; later, she ceased to speak of him at all; during the whole time she remained

in doubt whether she should say yes or no, she never mentioned his name, as she thought it was not fair, in case she refused him, to boast of it, and afterwards, when she had decided upon consenting, a certain fear seemed to restrain her.

“Still she could not but let her old faithful playfellow know of her being affianced, and Cecilia thought it would be easier to do so in writing than in words; notwithstanding which she was a long time in writing the letter, then tore it up, and wrote several others, until at last she succeeded in making it intelligible that she was going to be married. She assured Robert, at the same time, of her warmest, deepest friendship; was convinced that he would approve her choice, and concluded by expressing a wish that he would become the friend of her future husband. In short, she wrote the strangest letter under the circumstances that could be penned, and one in which Robert vainly sought for expressions of love towards her intended, and in which he met with no warmer feelings than the friendship professed for himself. ‘No,’ thought he, ‘not for the world would I marry in that way!’ and then he locked his door, drew down the blinds, and throwing himself on the sofa, wept as he scarcely ever remembered to have wept, since he was a child. He was aware that he had loved Cecilia from his earliest youth; the beatings

of his heart had never been a riddle to him, and both the past and the future had always laid clearly mapped out before his 'mind's eye.' He had studied in the reliance on Cecilia's love; his examination had been gone through successfully, and he was just waiting for her return from Karlsbad to ask for her hand, now that he had a career open to him and could offer her a home. It is true, the home would have been but a humble one, but free from care, and such as suited the habits and education of Cecilia. He had never spoken to her of his attachment, because he thought it superfluous to speak of that which his daily and hourly actions could not but prove; besides, he thought Cecilia understood him, and knew all about it. He had mistaken the goodwill she had shown him, quite undesignedly, for marks of love granted with the full consciousness of what was passing in his mind. Now all was over, and after he had wept his fill, he began to rave, first against Cecilia for having deceived him, then against women for being faithless, one and all, and lastly at his own folly for letting himself be deceived. He accused himself of vanity, and half despised himself for having mistaken her friendly behavior, and interpreted it to his own advantage.

"After going through all these conflicting emotions, he wrote a very sensible, hearty letter;

he could not, however, promise to become the friend of the master of the horse, because, though he had formerly been a friend of his, he felt considerably cooled towards him. But he would come to the wedding, as Cecilia wished it. Cecilia was a long time reading the letter; she had every reason to be satisfied with its contents, yet somehow she was not; she had dreaded receiving it; some secret pang, she thought, seemed to lurk under the well-known seal; but instead of that, every line seemed to breathe of calmness.

"The wedding-day approached; Cecilia looked like a contented bride. When Robert drove into the court, she hastened to the door to meet him, and stretched forth her hand to welcome him; his own trembled in her grasp. 'Are you not well?' inquired she, looking up at him with her blue eyes; but he cast his eyes to the ground, and made no answer.

"Cecilia had thought she had so much to say to her old play-fellow, and so much to tell him. and now she felt as if she had not a word to say. They both went up stairs in silence, and silent did they remain the whole evening. On the following morning, Cecilia, drest in bridal array, had already entered the drawing-room, where the family was assembled, when her bracelet became unfastened, and she hastened back to her room to have it set to rights. In her chamber she found

Robert sitting on her seat, with his arm supported on her writing-desk, and his face buried in his hand.

“‘Robert!’ inquired Cecilia, in alarm, ‘what is the matter with you? Are you ill?’ and she anxiously raised up his head, which it required all her strength to do. She was then frightened at beholding his tearful countenance, and exclaimed, while a pang of surprise shot through her heart, ‘Are you weeping?’

“‘She had never seen Robert weep before.

“‘Yes, I am weeping,’ answered he, ‘and would that I could weep my life away—for I am so wretched!’

“‘And wherefore?’ asked Cecilia, although her own heart had already whispered the answer.

“‘What! can you ask why?’ cried Robert; ‘did you not know that I love you, and that I looked upon you as my intended wife from a child? and now you are about to be the wife of another, you wonder at my tears!’

“‘Cecilia!’ called out a voice in the ante-room, and Cecilia was startled.

“‘They are calling you,’ said Robert; ‘go—and be happy, Cecilia; but I cannot be present at your marriage—no, I cannot, and will not, nor do I see why I should; it would do you no good, and it would be death to me.’

“‘Cecilia!’ cried the voice again.

"Cecilia felt the most poignant grief as she left her afflicted friend, and hastened back to the sitting-room. At this moment she felt all that Robert had been to her, and all that he might have become; she now knew everything, but at such a moment it was too late. The bridesmaids that had been calling her now took the trembling creature by the hand, in order to lead her to church. The bells were ringing, the bridegroom was waiting at the altar, and the priest's blessing was ready to hallow a union which threatened to stand in need of the true sanction—that of love.

"How she pronounced the 'yes' that was to bind her forever, how the rings were exchanged, and how the ceremony was got through, and wound up with the congratulations of all present, and her parents' tears of joy, Cecilia had not the slightest idea—everything seemed to dance before her as in a dream; she could think only of Robert, who loved, and who had wept over her. When the wedding-party returned to the château, he was gone.

"Cecilia's husband was very rich; he had fitted her up a mansion in town, while Robert could only have offered her a cottage in the country. Her rooms were hung with silk, and she was surrounded by all the new inventions that luxury could devise; all her visitors admired the fittings, and during the first six weeks of her married

life, she had nothing to do but to show the house to everybody. At first, she was highly delighted with all the fine things, but she soon got accustomed to them. 'After all,' thought she to herself, 'our thoughts are just the same in these modern *fauteuils* as in the old, hard-stuffed chairs, and one's heart does not bound any the lighter beneath an Indian shawl than under the simple handkerchief worn by girls of small income!' Her cheeks used to seem much rosier in the little looking-glass of her chamber than now, when she saw her image reflected from head to foot, in the richest dress and the most costly jewels.

"When Cecilia had got accustomed to all the elegancies of her new condition, they ceased to have any value in her eyes, and the young wife's heart became the scene of a tragedy unattended by spectators. Cecilia had a lively imagination, and imagination is confessedly the crucible in which a thousand amiable qualities, as well as a countless number of follies, are brought into existence, and is in particular the source of those artificial misfortunes that nobody pities, yet that have the power to throw so dark a veil of melancholy over one's whole life. She entered into the married state with the conviction that she would be unhappy; consequently all her husband's weaknesses, deficiencies, and qualities were

unbearable ; she was certain that with Robert she would have been quite happy. Sometimes she would reproach herself for not having seriously sounded her heart on the subject ; at other times she hated the husband that could have consented to a marriage proposed by their parents ; his heart must be cold, indeed, if it could put up with the small amount of love she had shown him.

“ She brooded over the past, and spelt out all the hieroglyphics of her love for Robert. She did not, however, hear from him, for he was travelling. She would have liked so to have heard something about him, yet she trembled to learn that he was married. Cecilia did not make her husband a good wife, nor did she conscientiously fulfil the task she had voluntarily undertaken ; she did not make her home that sanctuary that it ought to become for a happy pair ; she was a poor, weak, foolish wife, and forgetful of her duties. She was very much to blame both for her sorrow and her weakness ; for even when removed from the reach of temptation, a woman requires all the energy of virtue, in order that sin may not find a ready-made path to her heart.

“ Thus Cecilia lived for three years, always anxiously longing for, and always expecting something. She was always in readiness for some surprise ; every time she heard the post-boy’s horn, or a quick step in the next room, she

was ready to faint. She had become pale and sickly ; her bearing was serious and solemn ; her step slow and measured ; her view of life was of the most melancholy description ; and her voice had grown sad and plaintive as an Æolian harp.

“ While Cecilia was thus feeding her unhappy passion, Robert had overcome his ; after the one moment of weakness that has been recorded, he never had another relapse. He even repented most heartily having given way to his feelings as he had done, and reproached himself for having saddened Cecilia’s soul, on her joyful wedding day, with the sorrows of the friend of her youth. He mentally asked her pardon with his whole soul for his selfishness, nor could he help blushing at the idea of being, perhaps, thought of by her with pity ; it wounded his pride to be pitied by her. He spent three years in travelling, nor did he travel like a lover who seeks forgetfulness, or for mere pleasure, and for the sake of putting away time, but as a man who wishes to improve. He went forth a mere youth, but he returned home an accomplished man ; he was a hero, for he had learned to conquer himself. Now he felt that he might visit his old friend again, as business brought him to town ; and he determined not to mention the last hour before his departure, and only to allude to their childhood and youth, and the joyous hours they had spent together.

" Cecilia was not at home when he called, and Robert was received in the most cordial manner by the master of the horse, and, in fact, invited to stay in the house ; and as the latter was summoned to the prince's presence, he took his old friend into his wife's sitting-room, that he might wait for her return. Robert was alone, and had leisure to examine the sanctuary. His own portrait was placed on a little table, surrounded by flowers. The album he had once given Cecilia lay before it ; and several other objects, such as paperwork, books, and occasional gifts that she had received from him, were strewn around. This table seemed to be an altar dedicated to himself. All the other things in the room told of the various occupations of an intellectual woman ; and the newest French novels were to be seen on her table.

" Robert was uneasy and pained to the heart at the sight of this room ; a whole tide of recollections rushed over his mind, threatening to overwhelm him by their intensity, and he felt as if he must go : yes, go he would, and fly while it still was time to do so. But it was already too late ; he heard a step approaching, and in another moment Cecilia entered, little aware of the surprise that awaited her. A scream escaped her on beholding Robert. ' My Robert ! ' she exclaimed, and sunk almost senseless into his arms. On

returning to consciousness, she smiled, half ashamed of her childishness, and they sat beside each other, talking of the veriest indifferent matters, he of the last stage, and she of her last walk. They said not a word but what they might have said to any one else, and yet both were happy. They never spoke of the wedding day, but a great deal of their youth and childhood. Cecilia's husband appeared as the disturber of all their pleasant recollections, although nothing was said but what he might have heard. A heavy cloud seemed to have spread its gloomy atmosphere over the family circle, and Robert felt oppressed; his heart kept beating, and all the powers of evil that he had repressed with the whole energy of his character, now awoke anew in his breast. Cecilia, in her state of doubtful happiness and failing health, appeared more beautiful, dearer, more in need of protection, and consequently more lovable, than ever. Besides, she was much more accomplished than formerly; she had not frequented the first circles in town, and lived in the very head quarters of the arts and sciences, without improving her intellect. He felt he loved her still, and that she would grow dearer than ever to him, and that he had need oppose the full strength of his principles to those feelings he thought he had overcome.

“Robert determined to keep back, and to ap-

pear cold ; he ventured seldom into Cecilia's sitting-room, sought for her company less often, and was very reserved, while she, rendered happier by their intercourse, became less reserved, and more cheerful. She had resolved to enjoy the short time of his stay ; to look neither to the past nor the future ; and this plan seemed to succeed. But when at length he began to talk of taking leave, she poured her sorrows into her friend's breast, and complained of her broken happiness, of being tired of life, and of the anguish she endured. He had to comfort her, and to try and raise her courage ; but the more he did so, the more inconsolable and weak-minded did Cecilia appear. Then something was dropped about the pang she had endured on her wedding day, about eyes being opened too late, and about a girl's foolish, thoughtless heart, that was not aware of its own love. He perceived, therefore, that he had been loved — was loved still, and that the wife of his youthful love adored him as he adored her, and that his torments were shared : he acknowledged such to be the case with a mixture of ecstasy and despair.

“ ‘I will go away,’ thought he ; ‘I will fly from her and from myself ; I will not disturb her peace, and she shall not be unhappy on my account.’ He considered the matter over during the whole night, and on the following morning

he told the master of the horse that he was about to depart. Cecilia was so thrown off her guard by this sudden determination, that she lost her senses · the anguish of the threatened separation quite overpowered her. She burst into his room, in her white dressing-gown, and with streaming hair.

“‘Stay, Robert!’ cried she; ‘stay—I shall die if you leave me. Know that I love you—that you alone can render life endurable—that you are the sun that brightens my existence! I love nothing but you in this wide world, and all the anguish you felt on my wedding day has filled my breast ever since. Stay with me, unless you would see me die!’ And with these impassioned expressions, she sunk senseless into his arms.

“When Cecilia opened her eyes again, Robert spoke kindly to her, and assured her that he would remain, just as one promises a sick child anything it wishes in order that it may not cry. His words brought her back to a sense of shame, and she extricated herself from his arms, and stood covered with confusion before him. She had awoken as if from a dream. She now perceived how blindly she had hearkened to her passion, and how improperly she had acted. By confessing her love, she felt she had lowered herself in the eyes of him in whose opinion she would

fain have stood so high. She was still weeping, but her tears were those of repentance. For the rest of that day she was very reserved, and avoided being alone with Robert, though it was to be expected every moment that her husband would guess her secret from the change in her behavior.

"When Cecilia awoke the next morning, Robert was gone. The following lines were delivered to her:—'I leave you, dear Cecilia, after due consideration, because I think I fulfil your wishes by so doing. There are moments in human life when grief or joy gets the better of us, but they must only be moments, and then we return to be ourselves again, and you are now yourself again. You will thank me for avoiding your presence, and some day you will bless me for it.'"

Aunt was then silent.

"Well?" said Antoinette.

"Well?" said the lover.

All eyes were directed towards the fair narrator, with looks of eager curiosity. "Surely this is not the end of the story," said one.

"Why not?" answered aunt; "what more is to be told? The lovers are parted, and the love story is over. What care we whether they live, vegetate, weep, or despair? whether he enters the service of the state or distinguishes himself in any other way, or whether she sickens or is

well? They are parted, and so there's an end of the story."

But Antoinette insisted that there must be some more of it, or else one might fancy that Cecilia had died, and Robert had consoled himself.

"As far as relates to Cecilia, you will be mistaken, my child," answered aunt; "women never die of sorrow; sensible women become consoled, and virtuous women overcome their rebellious hearts. Cecilia lived through many happy days, and then——"

"Then what?" inquired all the listeners. "So there is an end after all."

"Yes," said aunt, "Cecilia became a widow."

The sound of a carriage was just then heard. "Oh! aunt, do go on quick," said Antoinette, "for there is a visitor, and we shall never hear the end of the story if you don't make haste."

Aunt seemed absent; her color rose as she looked towards the door which had just been opened. A tall, handsome, middle-aged man entered the room; he bowed to the mistress of the house, and then turned to aunt, who came to meet him, and reached out her hand, on which he imprinted a kiss.

"That is the end of my story," said she, turning round to the company with a smile; "that is Robert whom I told you about."

"What! the owner of the neighboring estate?" cried Antoinette, blushing.

"What! Herr von Wallen?" inquired the lady of the house, in surprise.

"I long suspected that you were the Cecilia of your own tale," observed the baron, "and, as you proceeded, I guessed who the hero was." He reached out his hand to welcome him.

"Yes, dear brother," rejoined Cecilia, "and my tale was only intended as an introduction to the request that my second wedding might also be solemnized here. It will be quieter and more serene than the first."

"Done!" cried her brother, in a joyful tone; "a fortnight hence, on Antoinette's birthday, we will have a double wedding."

"So soon as a fortnight?" cried Cecilia, blushing.

"What you can mean by *so soon*, is past my comprehension," said the lord of the mansion, with a brother's freedom; "I thought you had not much time to lose."

"But we must have time to renew our acquaintance," observed Cecilia; "it is so many years since we have met or spoken to each other. It was only yesterday that my widow's mourning was over; I thought it was improper so soon—"

"I have respected your views on this subject," interrupted Wallen, "but now being so near the

goal of my wishes, I cannot refrain from making my observations. When one has passed one's childhood and youth together, it is no difficult matter to renew one's acquaintance—and, indeed, to make this easier, fair lady, I come here to claim the hospitality of my neighbor for a few days."

"That is right," said the baron, "there is plenty of game, and I think we shall not lack amusement. I know already that you are a capital shot, and my daughter here is ready to confirm it; you have freed her dove-cot of a dangerous enemy."

"Then you know my Robert already?" whispered Cecilia to her niece.

"Yes," answered Antoinette, blushing; "but I never should have dreamt that your Robert could be Herr von Wallen; from your description, dear aunt, I should have fancied him quite different. I think your own fancy must have endowed him with the qualities you mentioned."

"So the wedding is to take place in a fortnight!" cried the baron, and everybody congratulated Robert and Cecilia, and even Stein approached the latter, though in a somewhat embarrassed manner, and kissed her hand, though less ardently than heretofore.

"No, this man can never become Cecilia's husband," cried Stein, one morning; "that is

clearly impossible! A Nimrod, a mere farmer, who is so absorbed by his worldly interests, that he thinks of nothing but cattle-breeding and agriculture, and does nothing but smoke, ride, and hunt, and who, when the heavenly creature reads poetry to him with her sweet, melodious voice, actually—— No, I can't say what."

"But, dear Hugo," objected Antoinette, "he was fatigued with hunting, and fell asleep; it was foolish of Cecilia just to choose that moment for reading aloud."

"She was, however, deeply wounded by his doing so."

"Yes, but it was her fault; how can people be so touchy? If one loves a person, one must give way a little to them, and not always put one's own will uppermost."

"You are always finding fault with your aunt."

"And you with Her von Wallen."

"Who will go lark catching with me?" inquired the old baron, popping his head through the half-opened door. "It is a lovely evening."

"Oh, I'll go!" cried Antoinette, "if it were only to release a few prisoners."

Stein thought to himself, "If she would but let me out of the net whose meshes oppress me so sorely." Not that he cared much for freedom either, since he wanted but to exchange his chains for others, and this he knew well enough—yet,

as in duty bound, he took up his hat and stick in order to accompany his intended, when Cecilia entered the room.

"Does not the baroness accompany us?" inquired Stein.

"No," replied she, "I have lost the habit of taking long walks; it suits neither my feet nor my shoes; therefore I don't much care for rural pleasures that are chiefly bodily rather than intellectual, while I like the contrary."

"May I stay and keep you company?" asked the young man.

"If your future bride does not object."

"If you permit Herr von Wallen to leave you behind;—only look, there they go arm in arm, so that one can hardly distinguish them in the bright moonshine."

"Well, I wish them much pleasure," said Cecilia, with something like a sigh, as she flung herself into the easy-chair beside the chimney, and began displacing the coals with the tongs.

This was the sixth day since she had renewed her acquaintance with Robert; a tear rolled down her cheek without her perceiving it, and fell upon her hand. She was frightened at the sight, and hastily looked up at Stein, who was standing silently beside her, and lost in contemplation of herself. She perceived he had seen the tear, and

she wished to efface the impression it might have made.

"Come, now, chatter away," said she, smiling ; "you used to be so talkative and full of argument ; wherefore so dumb to-day ? Are you sad, or is it only a whim ?"

"Bad spirits, baroness, are generally catching ; you are not cheerful or happy, therefore I am neither."

"And can you have leisure to think of *my* happiness?" inquired Cecilia, in a softened tone : "you who are to be married in a week, and who have before you the prospect of a paradise of household happiness ! Oh, no ! you have other things to think of than of an old aunt !"

"And whom should I think of with deeper, fonder affection than of her who seems like an angel come down from heaven,—a saint surrounded with a halo of intellect and mind,—and a martyr wearing the thorny crown of love."

Cecilia made a deprecating motion with her hand, that stopped his rhapsodies short. "You have better and more important things to think of," continued she ; "first of your love, with its different shades of feeling, and then of getting settled. You must set in order, in your head and heart, the chairs and tables of your future home ; you must arrange the drapery of your curtains and *portierès*, in your imagination. To a wed-

ded pair all such objects are sacred, as being a part and parcel of their happiness. Yes, if ever man has a right to be selfish and to forget the rest of the world, it is at the moment when the word 'I' includes another self, in order to make a paradise out of this double I."

"A paradise that requires chairs and tables!" exclaimed Stein, with a sigh.

"It matters not," observed Cecilia, "whether one's happiness rests on a cloud or a sofa."

"Yet, notwithstanding, even the happiest union will always be a very imperfect paradise."

"You ought not to express such sentiments, my nephew elect, at the very moment when you have reached the gates of paradise," answered Cecilia, in a reproachful tone.

"Then it is equally wrong in you, my severe judge, who are not one whit further from the said doors than I am."

"I?" cried Cecilia, proudly raising her head, "when did I ever express such thoughts?"

"Not in words, it is true—but in a tear," answered Stein in a low voice.

There was a pause. After a while Stein took up the conversation again: "How will you ever be able to live in the country?" said he; "the occupations of the country no longer suit you, and its pleasures have ceased being such for you."

"How do you know that?" said Cécilia, quickly. "Though I may not like to go lark catching, nor to walk over stubble fields, because my shoes are thin and my feet tender; and though I see nothing poetical in the cultivation of potatoes, turnips, and corn, yet the garden and hot-houses will afford me both occupation and amusement. And though country assemblies, or the visits of the clergyman's family or of the neighboring gentry, may be tiresome enough, I have books, music, and my pallet, and the long winter evenings will be delightful if Robert likes to share them with me. You can't think how charming my imagination pictures these evenings. When the curtains are drawn, and the lamp throws a bright light over the whole room, and the fire crackles, and the urn is singing—all is so comfortable, so home-like; not a step is heard on the soft, thick carpet, no creaking boots, no unwelcome visitor, no invitation, rouses us from the happy state where all is so peaceful, so snug, so delightful. If you knew, dear Stein, how I long for this happiness, and for how many years I have longed for it! In town I had everything that luxury, society, amusements, and every kind of so called enjoyments, can give—all but love—and that is what my heart most stands in need of."

"And will you find the love you stand in

such need of?" inquired Stein, with some emphasis.

Cecilia turned very pale; she gazed at the fire for a length of time, and at last answered, in a nearly inaudible voice—"If I do not meet with it, then shall I be wretched indeed."

* * * *

The lord of Wallen, after his abrupt departure from Cecilia's house, had gone to live on the family estate, which had become his on the death of his parents. Another legacy having increased his lands, he had given up all idea of entering the service of the state, in order to farm his property. He did not cultivate it after the thoughtless fashion of the farmers of the last century; he was a thinking and intelligent agriculturist, who endeavored to come at the secrets and the wants of the soil, and to render it subservient to his intentions. In a few years his estate was worth half as much again, and was celebrated for its good management in the whole neighborhood. His thoughts were continually intent on systems of irrigation and drainage. He worked in God's fields, and he had taken upon him a holy office in the temple of nature; it was, therefore, not to be wondered at that polite literature, with its gardens of sweet flowers, the world and its social pleasures, and the fine arts with their train of

refined enjoyments, should severally have given way to his ruling inclination.

He retained nothing of his youthful days save his love for Cecilia. She dwelt in his soul under the various forms of the child who had played with him, the young maiden who used to dance with him, and the wife of another who had confessed her love for him; he remembered her alike in the simplicity of rural life, and the elegancies of her town abode; in the innocence of childhood, or as the accomplished woman of the world. Other interests had consoled him for being separated from Cecilia, but without blotting her image from his mind. And since the death of her husband, he had written to Cecilia about his love, his wish that she should become his, and his plans for the future. These letters, which she received and answered, were full of matter. Her beloved correspondent seemed always present; and now that he was present, why did he seem so far? How did it come about? Cecilia could not understand what he had accomplished in the space of four years. Yet she took a deal of trouble to try and understand it. He drove her round his estate in his *droschke*; he showed her the black soil that, but a few years back, was so hard and unproductive; then he talked of the harvest, and how much richer it was this year than the last. He had raised himself into a

divinity ; he had worked together with the Creator at the improvement of the earth ; but Cecilia could not perceive the wonders he had performed. Whether the soil were black or brown, it was nothing but dirt in her eyes ; and what were a few bushels of grain to her ? If he had naturalized pineapples and dates in Franconia, then, indeed, she might have said something to him.

On the other hand, Robert often took no share in what interested her. "How will this suit?" she would sometimes ask herself. And then she would hush up her fears with the assertion that "Love can blend the most opposite elements." But yet she had frequent doubts on the very subject of Robert's love. Was it her own jealous heart that made her fancy Robert's look rested with singular complacency on the blooming Antoinette, and that Antoinette showed such especial friendliness in conversing with him, or accompanying him whenever he proposed a walk ? It was but yesterday that she came in as fresh as a rose, and said to Robert, as she took off her round straw hat, and arranged her disordered locks : "I have just met your flocks, and I congratulate you upon them. How they have improved of late years ! What beautiful wool !" And then Robert gave her such a grateful, friendly smile !

At dessert, too, he always helped her to cut

bread for the chickens ; and he would go with her to feed the speckled inhabitants of the farm-yard. Antoinette was a blooming, merry child of the country, and Robert admired her good-humor, and her full, round, rosy cheeks, and the interest she took in all that concerned his own especial calling.

“ After all, there is no love in the case yet,” thought Cecilia, whose penetration nothing concerning Robert could escape. On the other hand, she had not remarked how cold Stein had become towards Antoinette, ever since her arrival, and how he clung to herself more and more each day. Cecilia thought only of Robert, and loved him alone ; but she liked to converse with Stein, whose cultivated mind suited her own so well.

Stein had really conceived the thought of breaking off with Antoinette, and becoming united with Cecilia. He was romantic enough to want to apply the figure *changez les dames* in the French dance to the double marriage that was to take place in a week. Stein was headlong in his thoughts, and scarcely anything seemed to him impossible, if one did but sincerely wish it. His position, too, suited Cecilia's tastes and habits much better ; he lived in town, and was only a year or two younger than Cecilia. In short, according to him, nothing stood in the way of his wishes—except, indeed, the trifling circumstance

of the consent of the three other parties. Could these three voices but give the casting vote, four persons might then be made happy—at least, so he thought.

As, therefore, Cecilia had expressed so vividly her longing for a return of love, Stein ventured to say, in a low, trembling voice : “ But Herr von Wallen loves Antoinette ! ”

He said these words just as we throw a stone down a precipice to ascertain its depth. But Cecilia put her hand to her heart, and uttered a scream. He had given tongue to what she foresaw. She looked up at him with her large blue eyes, and said : “ Is it really true, then ? ”

Stein nodded his head affirmatively.

“ Well, then, I am much to be pitied,” continued she, and sunk into a brooding silence.

“ And have you no pity for me ? ” asked Stein ; “ I shall lose a bride ! ”

“ You will get over ‘ it,’ ” said Cecilia, gently, and then was silent again.

“ And have n’t you a word of comfort for me ? ” persisted Stein : “ would it not be natural for the afflicted to unite, and endeavor mutually to replace what—— ”

“ You will console yourself,” interrupted Cecilia, hardly knowing what she said. She did not understand him ; his love, or a marriage with him, or any other man than Robert, was so far

from her thoughts, that she did not even foresee such a possibility.

Stein had taken his seat beside her; he seized her hand, kissed it, and held it in his. Cecilia did not withdraw it; she held her handkerchief to her eyes with the other, and sobbed.

"They are coming!" cried Stein, jumping up, as the sound of talking and laughter was heard in the court, and then on the stairs. Antoinette tripped in as fresh as a rose.

"I have set six poor prisoners free!" cried she, triumphantly; "they chirped and flew upwards so fast, and, when they were out of reach, they did rejoice so!"

Antoinette only now perceived her aunt's tearful eyes, and Stein's embarrassed demeanor. Unused to dissimulation, she frankly inquired what had happened, while Robert, who remained standing near the door, had seen at a glance, with all the experience of a man of the world, a great deal of what was passing. He was uncertain as to what he should say or do. There are moments when the most resolute of men are compelled to remain passive. Robert thought it was best, for the present, to do as if he had observed nothing, and, after a few trifling observations on the weather and the walk they came from, he left the room. Stein likewise went away. "I wonder,"

thought he, "whether Cecilia loves me, or whether she understood me?"

The two women remained alone.

"Wherefore these tears, my dear aunt?" said Antoinette, kneeling beside Cecilia's chair and taking hold of her hand.

"Have you not cried, too, sometimes, during the last few days?" inquired Cecilia, looking at her niece's eyes with a penetrating glance.

"Oh yes! very often, when Stein neglected me, and was unkind and rough. He used to be quite different formerly, and, as we are to be married in a week, such conduct cannot be indifferent to me."

"And can't you guess why he is unkind?"

"I have done nothing to offend him," replied Antoinette, almost in a huff; "probably I am not witty or learned enough. I cannot tell a story so prettily as you do, my dear aunt; but I think that all women cannot be equally intellectual—and besides, if Herr von Wallen thinks me intellectual enough to like my conversation, surely I am good enough for my lover; for Herr von Wallen is a much more remarkable man than Stein. And, just now, did you not perceive Stein's behavior? Why did he not come to walk with us? Why didn't he wish me good night? No—unless he explains everything, and alters very soon—not later than to-morrow—I won't marry

him at all, and you can solemnize your wedding alone."

Antoinette had been brought up at a school in town, but was only acquainted with town life through the medium of school discipline under a severe mistress. She had returned to her father's estate in the country with a heart brimful of joy, and the first man she fell in with was Herr von Wallen. He had appeared to her the *beau idéal* of a man, and after he had paid her parents several visits, she assigned him the principal part in the drama of her heart's emotions. Wallen was likewise much occupied with Antoinette for a long while, and had entertained serious thoughts of choosing her for a companion for life, when Cecilia's husband died, and his former love was awakened anew. After Cecilia's first letter, he considered himself bound to her; he had then ceased coming so often to see Antoinette's parents, and being taken up with his altered feelings, his intercourse with her had diminished. It was, therefore, no difficult matter for young Stein to drive his image from her heart. Circumstances, however, now again called it forth, and Antoinette yielded unconsciously to the impression.

Cecilia's eyes rested a long time on the blooming figure that knelt before her. "She is innocently disturbing my happiness," thought the aunt; "Robert's love was the last card on which

I had staked my whole existence, and Antoinette is about to juggle it out of my hand. Shall I warn her of what she is doing? shall I appeal to her generosity? It may perhaps still be time. But no—I will let fate take its own course—a woman must keep her pride, not only towards the man she loves, but even towards her fate.”

“Why do you look at me so, aunt?” asked Antoinette, after a while; “what is the matter with you?”

“God preserve you, my child, both from injustice and misfortune,” said Cecilia, kissing her on the forehead; “now go, and sleep in peace, for it is getting late.”

“Late? why, we have not yet had our supper, and the bell is just summoning us to the dining-room. Come, banish your sadness; you have grown quite silent and pale for the last three days.”

“Leave me, child, I don’t feel well,” said Cecilia, and she remained behind.

Neither did Stein make his appearance at the supper table, which made the baron shake his head in a suspicious manner. “It was all going on so smoothly,” said he to his wife, on retiring to their bed-chamber; “and Antoinette was so happy with Stein, when in steps my romantic sister, and sets everything wrong. I wish she had remained in town, with her poetical feelings

and sentimental stories ; they are of no use in the country."

"It is true enough, that an intellectual woman never can be quiet," observed the lady, who, being by no means intellectual herself, was always extremely quiet.

"I know what I'll do," said the baron ; "instead of keeping the two weddings in a week's time, we'll celebrate them the day after to-morrow ; it is best to take people unawares."

The day that preceded this morrow was one of that painful sort on which moral storms seem about to gather. Cecilia had a headache, owing to a sleepless night and the repression of her feelings, and was obliged to keep her bed. Antoinette nursed her ; Robert came frequently to inquire how she was, and the nurse gave him tolerably long bulletins in the next room. Cecilia strained her organs of hearing in order to catch what they were saying ; but the words she heard were quite calculated to confirm her jealousy—flowers, animals, rural fêtes, and so on, seemed to be the theme of their conversations, and not a syllable about feelings.

Towards evening Cecilia sank to sleep, while Antoinette sat by her bed with a book in her hand. The patient opened her lips—"Let there be no marriage without love !" said she, in her dream. Antoinette laid down the book, and re-

mained lost in thought ; at length she rose from her seat, and walked to Cecilia's writing-desk, and having chosen one of her aunt's elegant sheets of perfumed pink note paper, she wrote a few lines to Stein, which she intrusted to the care of Cecilia's maid. Scarcely were these dispatched, when she heard her own name softly pronounced in the ante-room. It was Robert who was calling her, in order to ask once more after Cecilia before he went to bed ; and Antoinette crept out on tip-toe not to disturb her aunt, leaving the door ajar lest the lock should make a noise.

"She is asleep and dreaming," said Antoinette. "There is something peculiar in words spoken during sleep, that has almost an oracular effect on the listener. One would think one's senses would be duller when clogged by sleep, and yet the impression is as if the mind was clearer, and possessed a deeper insight into truth."

"And what did Cecilia say in her dream?" inquired Robert, on the tenterhook of expectation.

"*Let there be no marriage without love!* These words stare me in the face, since an hour, just like the great board in our garden, that bids one 'beware of spring guns,' and seem a warning against sin and misfortune. I feel as if I had lived years in the space of an hour, so deeply have I been led to reflect on the subject."

Antoinette was indeed quite pale and serious.

"And what do you intend to do in consequence of this warning?" asked Robert.

"I have already done it," answered Antoinette, with resolution. "I have written to Stein. I cannot marry him, for I do not love him; nor could I put off my decision any longer; it quite weighed upon my soul. Did I not do right?"

"You did right, because you are a woman; but as for me, honor binds me; I am obliged to wed without loving."

"Good God!" exclaimed Antoinette, "you?—without loving? O, my poor aunt!"

"Poor aunt, indeed!" said a soft, mournful voice by her side, and Cecilia appeared between them in a white dressing-gown, over which she had thrown an Indian shawl, whose soft drapery enfolded her delicate figure. "But you shall not be unhappy, my child, because I am doomed to be so. Robert, you are free from the bonds that honor would not allow you to break; you are free from my love; make Antoinette happy. You love one another; I made out the hieroglyphics of your feelings, because my own taught me to understand them, and my heart was nearly broken in the task."

Cecilia trembled as she joined their hands, and while they sunk into each other's arms in

an ecstasy of delight, she tottered back to her room, and laid herself down on her bed.

The old baron was in the habit of smoking with his future son-in-law and Robert every evening after the ladies had retired. The preparations for next day's wedding had been carried on quietly, and when Robert went away to ask after Cecilia, the lord of the manor could not keep his secret any longer in his bosom, but unfolded it to young Stein. The latter handed him Antoinette's note, which ran thus:—"Let there be no marriage without love! I have discovered that we do not love each other; it is well that we are still both free. Be happy without Antoinette."

"Short and plain!" cried the baron, very much provoked; "what the deuce has turned the little witch's head? It must be my sister, with her high-flying romantic notions."

He hastened to Cecilia's chamber, and reached the ante-room just as the first embrace was taking place near the window.

"Give us your blessing!" cried Robert, as he entered, "and then nothing will be wanting to our happiness."

"Yes, papa, then we shall all be happy!" exclaimed Antoinette. The happy pair did not hear the low sobbing in the next room, but the baron had heard it as he passed the half-open door.

"And Cecilia?" inquired he.

"Cecilia loves Stein!" said Robert, emphatically; for he was convinced that her giving him up so quickly could only be accounted for on these grounds.

"And Stein loves Cecilia!" asserted Antoinette; her frequently wounded vanity having led her to hit on the truth.

"Then we can still have a double wedding!" cried the baron, highly delighted with this exchange, that fixed his daughter in the neighborhood, "and the ceremony shall take place to-morrow."

"What! to-morrow?" cried Robert, exultingly.

"So soon as to-morrow?" murmured Antoinette, blushing; and once more the happy pair embraced each other, and everybody retired to rest.

On the following morning Cecilia sent Antoinette a chest full of presents; her own *trousseau* was added to the wedding gifts intended for her niece, and Antoinette was much pleased with everything. Cecilia was busy preparing for her departure when Stein sent in his name, requesting to see her. The room already looked bare, and had no longer that comfortable appearance which Cecilia so soon imparted to any four walls that she happened to inhabit, by means of books,

flowers and cushions. Stein would fain have spoken to her alone, but the lady's maid was present, and Cecilia never thought of sending her away. Cecilia looked so pale that she scarcely appeared like a woman with a heart full of tumultuous beatings and ardent sensations, and one whose mouth was made to be kissed ; and yet he was come to make her a declaration of love. He was obliged to speak French on account of the presence of the lady's maid.

"We are both left alone," said he ; "will you not go through life in company with me ?"

Cecilia turned her large eyes upon him, with a cold, serious, yet inquiring look,—“I do not understand you,” said she, in the toneless voice of one awaking from a trance.

“Be mine—and give me the hand that but a short time ago you were about to bestow on another. That other did not love you,—but I, Cecilia, love you !”

Cecilia held her handkerchief to her eyes, and motioned him away, with the words—“No ! never !”—and Stein hastened away. His carriage was soon heard driving out of the court.

In a few hours Cecilia's carriage was packed, and the horses only were waited for. Cecilia would not spoil the wedding rejoicings. Antoinette hung on her neck, and sobbed. “Dearest

aunt," said she, "what a sad end is this to your pretty love story!"

"Did I not tell you, at the same time, that love is like a variegated soap-bubble, which bursts but too easily at the cold touch of the outer world?"

"But to think that it should be I who destroy your happiness! I fancied you loved Stein, and had purposely taken him from me."

"Did I not tell you that many lies are woven into the web of love; that it displays a thousand falsehoods, like the chameleon; and that it is difficult to distinguish between truth and invention?"

"But your love story was really a holy picture, painted in the truest colors, and I believed in it."

"Always believe in really true feelings, my child; the holy picture still lives in my heart too, only the cobweb that connected it with the outer world is torn."

"Woe to me! I snatched hold of the delicate threads as mischievously as a child."

"Do not dash your happiness with any self-reproaches, my child, and let me go forth into the world, which has nothing left to offer me. Let me return to society—I am accustomed to its solitude of the heart!"

"And Stein?" inquired Antoinette.

"Stein's lot is cast in a different path to mine; I might appreciate and understand him as a transient acquaintance, because I generally find out a jewel let it be set as it may; but as to love—oh no!—Stein's male vanity quite deceived him in that respect—but Stein will console himself."

"You will die of grief, aunt!" cried Antoinette, sobbing aloud, as the travelling carriage drew up, and Cecilia turned towards the door.

"Women do not die of grief, as I lately told you," answered the latter, solemnly, "and I shall not die either; give me but time to be myself again, and then you shall see me once more—perhaps consoled."

Robert lifted Cecilia into the carriage. Since he had seen Stein depart, and had learned that Cecilia did not love him, he was deeply struck by her generosity. She appeared to him like a saint, because she had been able to give *himself* up. He did not know, it seems, that without his love he could be nothing to her, and that she only loved him on account of his love. What she mourned over was his extinguished passion, on the eternal duration of which she had founded her whole happiness.

When Robert took hold of her, and lifted her into the carriage, she trembled violently, but she did not look at him. "Drive on!" cried she to

the coachman. Antoinette sobbed violently for half an hour on Robert's bosom. The sound of music woke her at length from her sorrow. It was the peasants of Robert's estate, that came, amidst the strains of merriment, to fetch the bridal pair—and Cecilia was forgotten.

STANZAS

ON VIEWING THE STARS AT MIDNIGHT.

BY FLORENCE WILSON.

My mother ! if from yon blessed sphere,
Where now the stars so brightly shine,
Thou canst behold the sorrowing here
Of hearts that mourn and grieve like mine;
Oh ! if the "just made perfect" see
The ills they never more can know,
Shed down one beam of Hope on me,
To light me through this vale of woe !

For I have fought and struggled on
Through griefs I can no longer bear,
Till e'en the shade of Hope is gone,
And nought is left but dark despair.
Bless'd spirit ! if from yon bright sphere
It is permitted thee to know
The griefs of one so cherished here,
A ray of Hope on me bestow !

The prayer is answered ; o'er my soul
Descends a peaceful, holy calm,

That bids me spurn Despair's control,
And o'er grief's wounds distils its balm—
That peace the world can ne'er bestow,
That bringeth healing on its wings,
The only cure for ills below—
The peace religion ever brings !

THE EMBROIDERY FRAME.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"The mind will easily straggle from the fingers, nor can its sorrows receive solace from silken flowers." — RASSHELAS.

IN a lofty room a lady fair
 Sits plying the silken thread,
 She doth not the bitter bondage share
 Of the tribe who toil for bread ;
 On the graceful folds of her rich attire
 The glittering sunbeam falls ;
 Not such are the sad ones who work for hire
 In the hovel's whitened walls :
 The wreaths that beneath her fingers bloom
 Seem fresh from their native bowers, —
 Why doth she wear such a glance of gloom
 As she bends o'er her silken flowers ?

Around her are splendid works of taste,
 Yet to view them she never deigns, —
 By her side a golden harp is placed,
 But she doth not wake its strains ;
 She will not cast on the poet's lays,
 Or the scholar's page, a look,

Though wont from the dawn of her childish days
To grasp, and to prize a book.
Strange that she thus should the pastimes slight
So meet for her leisure hours !
Strange that she sadly from morn till night
Sits weaving her silken flowers !

Oh ! languor hath crept o'er that lady fair,
Since she felt Affliction's sting,
And she may not walk in the fresh, free air,
And she may not read or sing ;
Indolence woos her with stealing spell,
But the spell she would fain withstand,
So she strives her doleful thoughts to quell
By the work of her active hand ;
At her will the rich red roses blow,
And the stately lily towers,
But she cannot still the sense of woe
By the charm on her silken flowers.

She thinks on the parents who once caressed
The child of their hope and pride, —
She thinks on the time, more dear, more blest,
When she smiled as a joyous bride :
They are gone — the husband of her love,
And her parents good and kind ;
She knows that they live in bliss above,
But she weeps to be left behind :

And the orphaned daughter and widowed wife
Sighs over past happy hours,
As she wakes the fresh green leaves to life
That circle her silken flowers.

She thinks on those who the needle ply
In hunger, in want, and cold,
She gives them her gentle sympathy,
And she gives them her ready gold ;
Lavishly oft to the weary poor
Is her kindly bounty shown,
But she feels that the sorrows that gold can cure
Must be lighter than her own :
The gorgeous time-piece she sadly eyes
That tells forth the lagging hours,
As she weaves bright threads of rainbow dyes
In her vivid silken flowers.

The woes of the poor have been sung full well,
Who wearily sew and stitch,
But I wish that our minstrels would sometimes
tell
Of the sufferings of the rich !
I wish they would sing of the grief and gloom
That may fill the heart and head,
When fragrance breathes through the gilded room
And the banquet is duly spread :
Labor might strengthen the sinking health,
And might brace the mental powers,

Unnerved by the downy couch of wealth,
And the frame of silken flowers.

And I fain would lead some bard of fame
To the room where that lady fair
Daily is sitting alone at her frame,
With a brow and a mind of care,—
Trembling to lift up her dark, soft eyes,
From the work by her fingers wrought,
And nursing the bitter memories
Of enduring, changeless thought,—
Pausing awhile, in a bud or leaf,
While her tears descend in showers,
And feeling that never can deep, true grief
Find a solace in silken flowers !

MINNA MORDAUNT.

BY MRS. S. C. HALL.

Do you not observe the gentle smile and large, affectionate eyes of Minna Mordaunt? Look, I pray you, at the roundness of her arm, and the beauty of her taper fingers;—there, hanging on the edge of her basket as daintily as if they rested on the strings of a guitar:—how they ever raised that basket, full of round, white eggs, to the top bar of the stile, is a wonder to me. I never in my life saw eggs so badly packed. Why, there is not a blade of straw in the basket to prevent the one from crushing against the other! How exquisitely the black velvet band, with its rich clasp, sets off the delicate fairness of her throat!

In years long past, there dwelt—just where you see the spire of the village church peering above yonder trees—a courtly gentleman,—a man of fashion,—proud as proud might be, stately, rich,—ay, very rich,—an only son;—and only sons, I have observed, unless well tutored in their childhood, are seldom much beloved; the selfishness which springs and flourishes in the hearts of all youths, requires careful

pruning, or else it grows into a foul and loathsome weed, choking the plants of honest virtue, which yield, in humbler soils, a useful fruitage. This only son was rich, and proud, and handsome, gay and thoughtless, — thoughtless of everything but *self*: — there are many such, even in the present age. Virtue and honor do not keep pace, in these improving times, with what is generally termed intellect. But this has naught to do with Minna Mordaunt.

This great man *fancied* he loved the daughter of one of the farmers who rented a portion of his father's estate, — a simple country girl she was, but the pride of the whole village — a beauty really rustic; — and he frequently met her at that same stile where Minna Mordaunt is now standing: *there*, dressed in the very fashion you have but now looked upon, with her eggs *properly* arranged for market, often has the rich gentleman waited the poor girl's coming; — ay, and after a little while, *she* waited too for *him*. I do not like to give new readings of old stories; — the poor girl loved, and — was forsaken. She could not bear that those who once admired and regarded should consider her disgraced; — she felt she was forsaken, and she left her father's cottage one long autumn night, and managed her escape and her concealment with so much secrecy that no one knew her motive, nor any, save her

mother, her dishonor; in six months from her departure, the mother and the secret slept within the same grave, beneath the shadow of the old church-wall; — you may see the grave now, if it please you walk so far; — it is much talked of in the village, for one night there sprung over it a tomb of the whitest marble, as if from the green grass, and on it were engraven only these words: —

“WE CAN HAVE BUT ONE MOTHER!”

Time passed on: the farmer died, — the daughter and her mysterious disappearance were alike forgotten. The “only son” of our story had also buried his father, and increased in wealth, and in pride, and in honors; but, I know not how it was, there was a shadow over him, and over all he did; — he prospered, yet he was not blessed; — he married a right noble lady, beautiful and of high blood, and it was said he loved her, — perhaps he did. I have witnessed some cranks and turns in what the world called “love,” which seemed to me far more more like hate. They lived together many years, but the lady’s lips forgot their smiles, and her voice its music: then at last she also died, leaving her husband a very glorious heritage — five noble boys.

It was most strange; but, one by one, those children drooped, faded, and, in less than six

years after their mother's funeral, five coffins, all of different lengths, were placed within the vault with hers.

* * * * *

It was a sunny day in June ; the windows of a spacious drawing-room in the chief hotel at Dover were open, yet the rays of the "god of day" were carefully excluded by closely-drawn blinds ; — a lady reclined upon a sofa, and her daughter, seated by her side, was reading to her from an open volume that rested on her knees ; two mulatto women were arranging various packages ; and it was evident that the party had recently landed from an Indiaman, which, from the windows of the room, was distinctly visible. The mother was dressed in widow's weeds, the daughter in slight mourning.

"I am tired of that book," exclaimed the elder lady ; "do find something to amuse me, Minna."

"Birth, deaths and marriages," exclaimed the young lady, smiling, and taking up a paper. She read, first the births, then the marriages, then the deaths : the last on the dark list was as follows : —

"Died, on the morning of the 7th, at Mordaunt-hall, Edwin, last surviving child of the Honorable Charles Leopold Danforth Mordaunt, to the inexpressible anguish of his father, who

has followed his amiable and accomplished wife, and five sons, to the grave within six years."

A shriek from one of the Ayahs told the young lady that her mother had fainted.

Mrs. Browdon was the widow of an old general officer of the Bengal establishment, who had taken it into his head to marry when most men think of death ; and soon after his final departure from drill and dinners, the physicians abroad sent his widow to Europe, to recover her health, which, they said, her native air would restore. She did not believe them.

About three hours after Mrs. Browdon had fainted, her daughter was sitting on the same spot *alone* with her mother. She was deadly pale, and the tresses of her silken hair clung to cheeks which were soaked with tears.

"You know all now, Minna," said Mrs. Browdon, "you know all now ; yet you have not cursed me !"

Minna flung herself on her knees by her mother's couch, and pressed her weak and fading form to her bosom.

"I have told you all—all—how I was deceived,—how I fled my home,—how you, my child, were born,—how true a friend I found,—how *she* protected me,—how I met General Browdon, who, believing me a widow, offered me his hand,—how I risked all, and told him the

TRUTH;—but the old man loved me still; he called me weak, not wicked,—*he* pitied, and forgave;—but, Minna, your mother could not forgive herself; your sweetest smiles were ever my reproaches,—silent, unmeant, yet still reproachful. And now, that you know all, you do not curse me, Minna! Can you, can you forgive me?”

“My dearest mother, you know I do; you know I *have* ever, ever *will* bless you, and the kind old general—*he* was not my father? Then *tell* me of my father,—my real, real father,” said the lovely girl.

“Minna, he is sonless,” replied her mother; “what you read was his record.”

“Dear mother, then,” exclaimed her daughter, all woman’s feelings rallying round her heart,—“dearest mother, cannot you, too, pity and forgive?”

“Forgive, as I was myself forgiven,” said Mrs. Browdon. “I can—I can—I do forgive, and from my soul I pity him.”

Alas! why should so sweet a face as Minna’s be linked to so sad a tale? It is like wreathing a garland of cypress round a moss-rose! and yet the story must be told:—it has already recorded many deaths; it must note another.

Mrs. Browdon’s presentiment on leaving India was too fatally fulfilled; the doctor’s prophecies

proved false ; the breezes of its native country could not renovate a plant which had blossomed and faded under the fervid excitement of the East : she felt that her very hours were numbered, and she immediately wrote, recommending her child to the protection of—a father !

“ Had I found,” she wrote, “ on my return to England, that you were encircled by blessings, you should have remained ignorant of the existence of your daughter, but, knowing your bereavements, it would be ill of me to take from you the only child the Almighty has spared you.”

“ You are so like what I was at your age, my child,” she said, as she placed the letter in Minna’s hands, “ that if Mordaunt could but see you in the dress he first saw me at the foot of the church hill, resting against the stile which divides Mordaunt-park from Woodbine-hollow, it would hardly need this letter to tell him who you are.

“ We cherish first affections with a tenderness and care which the interest and feelings of after-life look for in vain. I have received homage, such as is never paid to our sex in England ; my robes have been sewn with pearl ; and you will find, Minna, treasures of gold, silver, and brocades, such as are seldom seen, within those cases ; yet, yonder, in that small green trunk is

the remnant of something that I loved when I was happiest."

At her mother's desire, Minna brought the box: her thin, trembling fingers undid the fastenings;—*there* were no brocades, no gold, no jewels! It contained nothing, save the straw cottage-hat and dress of an English peasant girl. Minna looked into her mother's eyes,—she dreaded that she raved,—but those beautiful eyes were mild and calm, and full of tears.

"Beneath," she continued, "is a basket. When first I met *him*, that basket hung upon my arm, filled with a tribute from our humble homestead, which it was my duty to carry to *his* mother. I remember, on my return, his filling that basket, Minna, with roses—ay, roses!—but *not roses without thorns*. Those were my robes of innocence! I scorned them afterwards, and wore others, which I then called *fine*: these were discarded; but in my affliction I remembered them, and brought them with me; a feeling of mingled pain and pleasure urged me to do so. I thought they would recall my innocence; but no! *that* could not be: I am sure they stimulated me to after good; and perhaps their coarseness *kept* me humble,—at least they have caused me many tears; and tears, my child, soften and fertilize the heart: we learn of tears what we cast off with smiles!"

Poor lady! she died that night; not, however, without further converse with her daughter.

Minna in a little time repaired to her mother's native village; she learned that her father had grown more morose than ever; that he shunned all society.

"I have never seen him smile," said the old landlord of the inn.

"But I have seen him weep," said the still older landlady, "and that last Sunday, at the stile called 'Beauty's Ladder,' where, long ago, he often met poor Minny Graham: he goes there every Sunday when he ought to be at church."

"And so ought you, dame, not spying after your landlord; at any rate, you should be wise enough to keep your news to yourself. What gentleman, think you, likes to be seen crying?"

"Better, I guess," replied the dame, "to be ashamed of the sin than ashamed of the tears: I am sure I did not think there was a tear in him till I saw it."

The next Sunday, "the strange young lady," as Minna was called by the villagers, was not at church. Need I say *where* she was?

Turn to the picture,—there she *is*! and the black gorget round her throat, which, I forgot to mention, her mother clasped with her own fingers the very night she died.

Mordaunt was proud of his daughter. The

lonely place in his heart was filled ; he had something to love,—something belonging to himself ; he felt his youth renewed while looking on the image of what, in his youth, he had once, though for a little time, really loved.

A LOVE SONG.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

LAUGH not, nor weep ; but let thine eyes
Grow soft and dim (so love should be ;)
And be thy breathing tender, quick,
And tremulous, whilst I gaze on thee.

And let thy words be few or none ;
But murmurs, such as soothe the air
In summer when the day is done,
Be heard, sweet heart, when I am there.

And I—oh ! *I*, in those soft times,
When all around is still and sweet,
Will love thee more a thousand times,
Than if the world was at thy feet !

THE JILT.

BY MISS LOUISA H. SHERIDAN.

"WHAT is the first mortification which a *débutante* in society is likely to encounter?" asked Mary St. John; who, having attained to the ease of her third ball, was just venturing to be herself.

"To a proud nature like yours," I replied, "the first mortification will be the discovery that any man, young or old, handsome or ugly, clever or stupid, to whom you are commonly civil, will fancy you have a design on his hand."

"Well, that *would* be vexatious!" she returned incredulously, with a slight toss of her lofty head; "but as I wish to dance through several seasons without having any preference, (except for agreeable dancers,) I shall make no distinctions on which vanity could find the smallest resting-place."

"That system will not save you; they will class you as a general flirt, seeking the best *parti*, under the guise of good-tempered indifference. Every old fop, every purple-handed 'Westminster lad,' will talk as though he could obtain your alliance at the first offer."

"Oh, horrible! You will drive me into a nunnery, rather than serve for gossip among 'match discussers,' who seem to think one can't look happy without some design. I know what I will do;—I will talk to married men only, and thus defeat all evils."

"Worse and worse!" I replied, to the mortification of my experimentalist: "the feeling of security in conversing with married men imparts a friendly ease to the tone of young women, which is often misinterpreted, when you would think it impossible."

"But I would be equally intimate with their wives," persevered Mary, ere she gave up this new plan.

"It would be an unfriendly intimacy on one side," I replied. "Women, though painfully convinced that their husbands have long ceased to care for them, experience fresh pain or mortification at each fancied instance of their wandering momentary attention. To every wife we will allow a clique of three or four female friends; and these would unsparingly sting you to death in society, if you adopted your patent-safety-conversation system."

"Then what course will save me from the alternative of a wound to my pride, or a slander on my morals?" she inquired, gravely; and as my store of worldly experience did not furnish me

with a reply, I was "right glad" to see a handsome partner lead her away at the moment.

"A pretty dilemma for that lively, high-spirited creature!" exclaimed a voice behind me; and I recognized the agreeable cynic, Colonel Wentworth, with whom I had vowed an eternal friendly feud. "Your maxims will draw upon her the dislike of our sex; for, notwithstanding our grumbling, we like you creatures to spread your nets around our paths. A woman who, from any cause, omits the usual pains to please a man, derives no credit with him for her motive, for he always decides she had not the power of being more agreeable!"

"And yet, I am sure, you must know that I have the power of being more agreeable than I make myself to you," I said, daring my foe.

"By no means. You take all this trouble to be *piquante*, because you fancy I like a Beatrice!" he replied, walking away with a provoking look.

A prolonged attendance on a beloved invalid, and the retirement consequent on their loss, made me almost a stranger to the occurrences of society, when my friends urged me to reënter it, to shake off the unhealthy apathy of my mind.

From a shady, quiet corner of a ball-room I recognized many fair creatures passing, whom a few years in the world had sadly altered. Instead

of the gentle reply of former days, they commenced sparkling conversations, shook hands intimately with most men, wore less blond over their shoulders, and called attention to the actions of "that naughty Mrs. B——," or "how silly Lady C—— was with George Forester;" the young men being all designated by their Christian names.

Colonel Wentworth, who had discovered my retreat, assisted my memory in many instances, where change of fashion, &c., confused me; and he was delighted at the opportunity which my ignorance afforded for his cynical descriptions; although, in revenge for former injuries, I told him such questions proved that my estimate of his conversation was only "up to Court-Guide point."

In the midst of one of his lively tirades against women, I became so lost in speculation that I forgot to reply. Seated apart I saw a lady whose countenance I seemed to know as in a dream; her expression was sad thoughtfulness, at times almost painful; she was in mourning, and evidently an invalid, from the affectionate interest evinced by her own sex, the chair beside her being occupied in succession by all those whose esteem I knew to be valuable, and who seemed lavish in their kindness to her.

Colonel Wentworth impatiently followed the direction of my eyes, and he exclaimed, "Oh,

you recognize your former pupil, although she has braided up her flowing hair like a coquette *en pénitence*; and she has left off her eternal laughter, ever since she behaved so ill."

"Mary St. John," I replied, "behaved ill! What *can* you mean? — for she has been affectionately greeted by all the best of her own sex in the room."

"No doubt *they* have some fine name for her conduct," he replied petulantly; "but, take the word of a man of the world, she is an arrant JILT!"

To me, this coarse but too-frequent phrase conveys so much worldliness, false hopes, nay, deliberate deceit, that I felt my heart close against my former friend, though her appearance had awakened my interest. Colonel Wentworth, satisfied with "the capital hit," as he would have termed it, had gone off ere I recovered from my astonishment; so I could obtain no particulars, but sat chafing on the hateful appellation.

While ruminating on the difference between my imaginary portrait of a flirting, heartless "jilt," and the quiet manner, quite devoid of coquetry, of the party before me, she chanced to recognize me across the room; and, with the frank smile which had won my regard in former days, she made a signal for my approach.

"You are very good to come over," said she,

extending both hands, "but I am not strong enough to cross the room. The cause of my presence at this *soirée* is, that I am a visitor in the house."

My greeting, I fancy, was not what she expected; for Miss St. John seemed painfully surprised, and, after a constrained attempt at conversation, she said, "I am going to ask you a favor: will you call on me here early to-morrow, to indulge an invalid in talking of old times; and I will release you now, as you seem tired?"

I assented, with the best grace I could summon, and gladly withdrew.

How strange it is, that after a separation, (sometimes of only a few months,) we do not resume an intimacy at exactly the degree where we left off. Between lovers this is the least felt, because there is a plentitude of happiness in each other's presence, which, needing few words, does not betray embarrassment. But the most attached friends must own they have experienced this awkward, stupid, sensation, which has caused them to utter commonplace phrases, while their thoughts were full of affection and themes of mutual interest; and neither dared to commence the latter, as though some estrangement had occurred between minds which had parted under perfect understanding.

On the following morning, being desirous of having my visit over, I went very early to call on Miss St. John, and found the drawing-rooms unoccupied; but from a boudoir, at the extreme of the second room, I heard her singing. The well-known contralto voice had lost most of its power; and the accompaniment was executed with a feeble hand.

The sad melody, I well remembered, was a composition of her own—as doubtless were the words—which consisted of an affectionate address to her mother, her only relative.

How strange, I thought bitterly, that the heart can be alive to one beautiful affection, and yet ruthlessly sport with the unpaid attachment of another! I would not allow the stanzas to have full influence against my dislike to my former friend, but entered the boudoir ere she had concluded.

Tears were in her eyes, but she greeted me with much feeling; and ere I had time to summon one of the before-named horrid common-places of embarrassment, she said—

“I am deeply pained by the change in your manner, which, as I have done nothing to deserve it, must be the result of something you have heard.”

I endeavored to wave the discussion, but she resumed,—

"I can guess what has shocked your frank, straightforward character ; some one has told you the report that I am a *jilt*."

"They have," I replied ; "and I shall be too happy to hear you have never given cause for the distinction."

I shall never forget the look of pain, distress, and sorrow, (yet unmixed with self-reproach,) which accompanied her faint, slow words : "I *have* given the world cause thus to mistake me, in *two* instances !"

I had come with an unacknowledged hope of hearing a single accusation satisfactorily denied : I received, instead, a confession of a double perfidy ! I did not wait for the invalid to recover from her passion of tears ; but, without further comment, I left the house.

On reaching home, I learnt that Colonel Wentworth had used the privilege of an old friend, by inviting himself to tea, *en famille*, with us in the evening. He arrived in high spirits, and seemed intent on having a laughing skirmish regarding Miss St. John ; as he had heard, in the morning I was gone to visit her.

I was too much preoccupied and vexed to maintain any position against him ; and when a letter was brought to me, I gladly availed myself of his request that I would not defer its perusal. The writing, though changed from weakness, I

at once recognized as Miss St. John's. The letter was as follows :—

“Your good opinion is of so much value to me, my early friend, that I infringe on a strict prohibition against the fatigue of writing, in order to explain my startling declaration of this morning; the very indignation you then showed being a fresh tie to bind you to me.

“The false judgment of the world, in nine cases out of ten, does not arise from its erroneous standard of right and wrong, but from the fact that the worst people take most pains to tell their own histories to advantage, while the really well-intentioned take the least heed of appearances.

“Having all my life acted on strict, unshaken principles, and obtained the approbation of all those I value, I would not heed any idle gossip of society—of which, indeed, I have no reason to complain—except its misapplication, in my case, of the coarse and unamiable epithet of a *jilt*, which, however unmerited, would shock any woman of feeling. To prove how little my conduct would deserve it, is my motive for addressing you.

“Shortly after your painful duty called you from society, we went into the country, where I received a proposal of marriage from an intelligent person, possessing many excellent qualities. I did not wish, however, to marry so early from

my happy home ; nor would the individual have suited my romantic taste ; therefore I declined it, decidedly, and in writing, so as to prevent mistake.

“ You are aware of my isolated position, without father or brother, to whom the visits of young men might be paid ; hence we are precluded from knowing any very intimately, and from acquiring any knowledge of their habits and pursuits elsewhere.

“ The individual, however, who had honored me by his preference, requested that he might be allowed, as a friend, to visit still at our house ; and, in consequence of his estimable character, mamma willingly conceded to him the privilege of our sincere regard.

“ This increased intimacy naturally extended to his family, who were many in number, various in disposition, but all equally unpopular in society.

“ I consider a man or woman, who marries into a numerous family, has a proportionately decreased chance of happiness. Setting aside the variety of new connections they will bring, which may prove ineligible, there is an impossibility—without deceit—of pleasing a large family : the non-contents, whose vanity has not been won, are the most active in the family-jury ; so the verdict is unfavorable against the stranger.

Large families, like military-messes, keep their regard for their own members, and often care for none besides.

"As I had no near relative who might be unsuited to any individual I married, my wish would naturally be to meet one nearly as free. I had seen woman's wedded happiness less frequently destroyed by her husband's conduct, than by his relations. When these disliked her, they knew so well what trifles would most affect him, on which they would enlarge; and even sensible men are so much swayed by early habit, that they coincide with those whom they have known and deemed right from infancy.

"In the country, I was reading and studying closely after London idleness, and my friend, being scientific, was a sort of fraternal reference in my studies. I was too busy, then, to notice the idle witticisms on his attachment; or to heed the appearance of encouragement (in the world's estimation) which our intimacy might give to the hopes I had decidedly ended, and which I thought time had subdued without the pain of a direct reference on either side. Guess, then, my sorrow—my distress—when, long after resuming my London habits, I received an appeal as to what my feelings then were! Not a moment did I lose in correcting the error; and the party, with noble candor, acquitted me of any share in

the mistake into which he had unfortunately led himself.

“With this decision on my conduct, from the only person who could judge it, I heeded little the term of ‘jilt,’ which I was told some of the malicious applied to it. But my regret for the unreturned attachment of that excellent person distressed me so deeply, that I had a long and severe illness in consequence.

“Woman’s vanity is wounded by finding the love insincere which has been professed for her. But to find she has unconsciously given rise to an honest attachment, which she cannot return, wounds all her better feelings, and therefore the pain is more enduring.

“I now began to doubt the possibility of friendship between man and woman; and I almost resolved on being ‘the coquette of many acquaintance,’ such as you once described. But, as my letter must be confined to the two cases liable to misrepresentation, I pass to the proposal of another individual, in whom, while only an acquaintance, we saw nothing objectionable among many advantages.

“The most sincere natures become deceitful under love’s influence: the very wish to please makes them study the other’s opinions, and temporarily adopt them as the best. How, then, can woman judge of the disposition and habits of a

man whom she only sees in society, or as a visiter, while he is studying to anticipate her wishes and tastes? Add to this the tendency of our sex to believe in goodness until we discover its reverse, our favorable judgment for those who profess love for us, and our blind confidence in the perfection of those who gain our attachment.

“ This difficulty becomes almost an impossibility to those who have no near male relatives. Men are ‘ true ’ to each other, (unless envious or jealous,) and will not hesitate to apply the term ‘ a capital fellow,’ to any companion, about whom a question is asked, except by their own relations.

“ Women, not being responsible, are less cautious respecting each other ; so that a man can have no difficulty in obtaining any information regarding her whom he admires. ‘ Her dearest female friend ’ will tell him all she knows, (at the least,) either in confidence or vexation. Besides, female conduct and education is so well regulated here, that they seldom differ much in reality from what their dispositions appear. Hence, men may safely make their election at once, and abide by it.

“ A conditional engagement of marriage is a sure test of man’s character, and should be made dependent on mutual esteem being undiminished

by a fixed time. *Of course, no woman of refined feeling would enter into even a conditional engagement, without having so high an opinion of the party, that an idea of change would seem to her almost beyond possibility.*

“Security throws man off his guard : as uncertainty vanishes, temper and egotism gradually resume the degree of empire he has formerly allowed them. The novelty of pleasing decreases, and his real tastes and habits return. A conditional engagement also rouses supine or timid friends to communicate ‘rough truths,’ which they withheld during the mere flirtation ; nay, even adversely interested parties, frequently through their ill-motived intelligence, prevent the wreck of a trusting woman’s happiness.

“Let her, then, examine whether the faults be only of a venial, ordinary kind. If so, her own imperfections will make the balance equal ; therefore she may safely allow her affections to have the full approbation of her reason. Let her look with gentleness on mere common failings ; and only with a spirit of accommodating them, for any attempt at reform will destroy domestic happiness. And let her thank the Power which has ordained for her such a companion, whose respect she will be fortunate to retain, when romance on his side has ended.

“But if the faults, unhappily, extend to *great*

moral and religious deficiency, or grave, unendurable defects of disposition, then, and *then only*, I consider she is justified in terminating an engagement which would end in misery to both. What blessing could follow her *perjury* of the sacred vow 'to love and honor,' in the instance of one who did not inspire either sentiment?

"The alternative will be almost death to a feeling woman; but, whatever it costs, Heaven demands it! Attachment, which outweighs worldly advantage, must fall before religion, though life be included in the sacrifice. Even the man for whom a woman might risk Almighty displeasure, would ungratefully, at last, class her devotedness to him as weakness of principle.

"But if man or woman violate their engagement for any lighter cause,—if either change for what they deem a better connexion, or from their worthless attachment having faded during the ordeal,—then, I say, let the finger of scorn, let the voice of contempt and loathing, be everywhere raised against them! For JUDGMENT will surely fall (even in this world) on the perjured, guilty inflictor of unhappiness to another.

"My friend, after the opinions I have expressed, when I tell you I have broken off my conditional engagement, you will feel that I must have had powerful reasons. These matters being too sacred for a discussion, I can explain no further,

But lest you might, for a moment, think my resolve was strengthened by fastidiousness, I must state, that I was quite reconciled to my tastes for high intellectual society; music, literature, the fine arts, and the poetry and romance of nature, meeting with no echoing sympathy whatever: and although I would fain see the master of my destiny become one of the lights of the age—a star among his own rank, a raised statue for the multitude—I could have accommodated myself to what Mrs. Gore terms ‘the demoralizing taste for inferior society,’ the vanity which is only satisfied by undue flattery, such as inferiors in station or intellect will pay without appreciating what they praise.

“The deed is done: I am not going to improve my worldly position by a more advantageous connexion; and the struggle for my harassed mind has so undermined my health, that all discussion will soon be at rest forever! In these, my lingering, weary hours, you will give me the gratification of acquitting me of the hateful epithet which the ignorant may apply to the sufferer.

“MARY ST. JOHN.”

LINES ON A PORTRAIT.

BY M. T. H.

THOUGH graceful is thy youthful form,
And beautiful thou art,
With all that can the fancy warm,
Or steal into the heart—

Yet coldly, as on one unknown,
I should have gazed on thee;
But o'er *thy* loveliness is thrown
A magic charm for me.

The friend beloved of early years
Thy gentle looks recall,
Till my heart swells, and burning tears
Above thy image fall.

That silken hair, those thoughtful eyes,
Those hands like drifted snow,
Bring back a million memories
Of tenderness and woe.

But no! I must not dim the page
Where thy bright charms will shine,
By recollections that engage
So sad a heart as mine.

Forgive me, lady, that my thought
Is all unworthy thee ;
And thus with pain and sorrow fraught,
Let *others* speak for *me*.

Thousands will on the beauty gaze,
Here in thy image shown ;
Oh ! let their eloquence of praise
For my cold lines atone.

THE TWIN-SISTERS.

BY HENRY AUSTIN DRIVER, ESQ.

THRICE beautiful — sweet pair! *Either*, apart,
 Might win a monarch's undivided heart!
 But, would a lover to the one be true,
 Oh, never let him gaze upon the two!
 For having once beheld the twain together,
 His heart must beat for both — or fix on neither.

Could *this* but teach her placid brow to frown;
 Or *that* her eyes to look unlike her own;
 Had some sweet discord marred their mutual
 grace;
 Had manners varied, though still like in face;
 Had any change but marked a single feature,
 E'en for the worse — it had been kind of Nature.

But like two rays of one celestial flame;
 Two virgin roses, leaf for leaf the same;
 Two snow-white doves; two chords of equal tone;
 They beam, they blush — look — breathing uni-
 son!
 As nature had designed their equal beauty,
 To place men's hearts in strife — 'twixt love and
 duty.

THE OFFICER'S FUNERAL.

BY ALICE ANNE LAWSON.

RECOLLECTIONS ! how sweet and graceful is the word ! though it must be confessed sad and sorrowful meaning lies within it. Memory, thought, and recollection — terms synonymous — how witchingly do ye exercise your power over us—how deeply do ye dwell in our hearts ! And who would barter that treasure—the valuable, unpurchased blessing of recollection—for wealth, honor, or the world's favor?—baubles—glittering toys, which shall lose their value, as custom renders them familiar, or fade into darkness and insignificance at sorrow's approach, or affliction's breath !

Ah, memory ! the volume whose leaves can never be read through, whose chapters continually furnish food for reflection, yet the subject never wearies ; and the keenest, most tender recollection is of that which has been the cause of greatest distress. Invariably we revert to that painful subject, dwelling on it again and again, until, with coloring cheeks and glistening eyes, we turn away in desperation to the most volatile amuse-

ment, or talk at random, to crush, for a time, thought and memory.

Not long ago, in a small company, some young girls being referred to about the exact time a friend had departed from among them, many voices answered carelessly, "I do not know," and "I forget." One sweet tone, quietly, in a half whisper, said, "On the first of March, two years now past." A pause, and again a murmur came, "I remember," followed by a sigh. The information had been given by one as young as any there; but the sadness of accent, the lid closing quietly over her eye, and, more than all, those words, "I remember," told me she had wept over some dream of bright hopes, while memory was to her a dear and sorrowful gift:—but to my tale.

It was on a scorching midsummer day, that the church-bell of K—— pealed forth its most melancholy notes; the sound, borne along on the air through the richly-planted burying-ground around, mellowed still more the sad musical wail. It was that last solemn requiem for a departed soul, telling that the cold and silent grave was about to close over a fellow-mortal, once full of life and energy like ourselves; that the tomb was about to hold within her chilling bosom, one who, perhaps, not long since, had been the gayest of the gay; whose smile had ever been the readiest; whose heart the warmest and kindest;

whose vacant place should long remain unfilled from very regret. The loud, clear-tongued harbinger of death and oblivion never rings out its chime without causing even the youngest and merriest amongst us to hush their noisy and gladsome mirth. It may be "the passing bell" will bring reflection to those who never thought before. And such must be the end of all! Rank, grandeur, riches, station, and talents, the world's highly prized deities, here ye can own no sovereignty; ye must fade away with your possessor. "The general doom is death!" and who shall hear a funeral bell without inquiring something about that person, now a captive in those fetters from which there is no escape? Some, from their windows arrest the passer-by, and eagerly ask information; in a neighbor's house the whole story will be told to others; while the curiosity of some may carry them to the place of interment.

But the church-bell of K——, for whom was it tolling? Was it for the old man, who, having lived to see four generations of his name, had dropped to sleep happily, with a smile on his lips, as he saw his children's children weeping for him? for every one who dies is wept by some mourner. Or was it the only and idolized son of the widow—her sole comfort and support—who was then shedding tears drawn from her

heart that she had not died instead of her beautiful child—her all of happiness—her mine of riches? Or was the mourner a husband, who bent over the remains of his young wife, frantically kissing her icy lips and cheek, and then darting away in despair, as he remembered how she would, if awake, have returned the fond and earnest caress? Again, was it pealing its sad music for a dear and valued friend, such as, in our youth, we cling to with single-mindedness and devotion—was the green sod to be placed over that true heart, making a desert of this beautiful world to another? Or, perhaps, it was the warning that an angel had been received into glory; for a child who had winged his way heavenward; who should weep, then? Had it not passed away in its beauty, without sin to answer for? The parents of the fair-haired, blue-eyed infant shall sorrow: it was a link which bound their hearts closer together. But for none of these did the bell of K—— give the slow and measured note. It was for an officer's funeral!

Captain Elliott, of His Majesty's—— regiment, had died of malignant typhus fever, in the barracks, the day but one before. It was, therefore, thought advisable to inter him with all possible speed, lest, it being summer, and intensely hot, the troops should become infected.

If there be one funeral more melancholy and

subduing than another, it is a soldier's. The insignia of his order laying on his coffin, showing most plainly one from among the number had departed. The crape-bound mourners, his brothers in arms, with downcast eyes, and drooping heads, keeping time to the solemn march; the muffled drum sending forth its measured beat; the arms reversed; and the lowest in rank foremost, teaching us that death and the grave know no difference. The poorest and humblest private, the proud and aristocratic general officer, on whose breast glitter those dearly-earned badges of his profession, the tomb will open for all of ye, knowing or recognizing no distinction.

Although Captain Elliott's funeral was to take place on an insupportably hot day, there was not a window of that part of the town through which the procession was to pass that was not crowded, while at the corners of the streets groups were collected, each with some story to relate of him now silent forever. Two young girls returning from a public school, discoursing gravely on the important subject of places in a class, were struck by the loitering multitude; the taller of the two inquired, "For whom is the bell tolling?" and having been informed, turned to her companion with "Oh! Mary, only fancy, Captain Elliott is dead! I am not sorry in the least; but he was a soldier, and somehow I hate to hear of a sol-

dier's death ; we may as well go into one of the shops and wait for the funeral to pass." The young girls went in, and already was heard a distant strain of music.

It is quite true, and scarcely to be wondered at, that, in every age and station, a soldier carries about him a peculiar charm, interesting every one, but more particularly the young ; and they, looking at everything with bright, rainbow colors, invest the soldier too often, in robes of perfection. Many will judge harshly of this partiality, yet why should they ? Is it not natural that we should think of them as connected with all which we hold dear ?—the preservers of our country, the friends of the distressed, the protectors of the innocent ; while who shall doubt a soldier's honor, bravery, or gallantry ? Certainly none from amongst the youthful band, and but few sceptics even can be found in a more advanced age.

Onward moved Captain Elliott's funeral procession. It was a soul-saddening spectacle. As it passed along, all were silent ; but though many wore the emblem of woe, there was not at that grand military display one sincere mourner : no eye was dimmed by a suddenly starting tear. The young officer foremost, with his head drooped, was endeavoring to smother a laugh by pressing his teeth on his under lip ; the tall drummer cast

a careless glance around, and then would strike his hollow burden; and one of the officers who assisted at the ceremonial of bearing the pall, actually smiled and looked back at a pretty girl who was gazing from a window.

"Shocking! barbarous!" exclaimed a stranger, looking on, when he had seen the multitude pass. "Is there none to regret a fellow-mortal; no one to weep over a fellow-soldier's tomb? I have heard he was even young, and a married man."

"True," answered one at his side; "but you have not long been living here, or you would know why Captain Elliott has been followed to his last home unwept. She even for whom he forfeited his character, and forgot what he ought to have prized most, a soldier's vow,—she even fled from him in the hour of sickness,—his wife, the young quakeress who eloped with him from her father's house scarcely a twelvemonth since, it seems wearied of his love, and the day before he died, disappeared, leaving a letter for her husband to tell 'she had gone he need not inquire where or with whom.' Report says Captain Elliott, when informed of it, murmured something about 'a just punishment,' then asked 'whether Captain Hopkins had gone on leave;' and being answered that he had departed that morning, the sick man smiled bitterly, and died without again asking for his wife. Mrs. Elliott is a pretty,

volatile little woman, his inferior in rank and wealth; his marriage with her displeased all his family and brother officers, for which reason he exchanged into this regiment. The short time he has been among them, and the cold taciturnity of his manners, may account for the indifference with which they attend his remains. He was indeed one not to be admired; and yet there is a sad story connected with him, a tale of woman's truth and devotion, and man's wrong and falsehood; but to you, a stranger, it may prove tiresome."

"Oh, no!" exclaimed his companion; "I have been much interested by the little you have already told me; pray continue."

"About two years ago, Captain Elliott first came to this town with the regiment to which he then belonged. He was a young man, perhaps about twenty-eight, not long a captain; in appearance, plain, disagreeable, almost forbidding, with a person slightly deformed, so as to give his head a crooked, uneasy turn, while a sneer was ever curling about his mouth. He was a mimic and satirical, for which reason his brother officers thought him vastly amusing; and having an ample fortune, with a generous disposition, it drew towards him many who had no objection to see themselves caricatured for an obliging loan of

money. He attended every place of amusement, and seemed to take no heed of his unsightliness.

“ At the regatta of —, on board a yacht belonging to a Mr. Hammond, where a large party of ladies and gentlemen (officers, of course, among the number) had been invited to witness the starting of the different vessels, Captain Elliott first saw Florence Howard. He was in the act of mimicking the nasal twang and peculiar brogue of a gentleman resident at K—, not then present, every one being convulsed with laughter, so perfect was the imitation, with the exception of Florence, who was looking on with a sad expression on her gay, joyous face, standing beside her sister and father. After glancing an eye of pity at the performer of so degrading an exhibition, she turned away, and bent her eyes to the deep water beneath. Captain Elliott had caught the glance, and seen the expression of regret on her countenance; he was interested by one so young having moral courage enough to shun levity while every other was enjoying it. Again and again was he called on to minister to their amusement; but no, though entreaties poured from all, he was inexorable, and the day's entertainment concluded by their voting Captain Elliott uncommonly stupid; but he thought otherwise, for Florence Howard had again looked

towards him, and her eye spoke pleasure and satisfaction.

"At the regatta ball which took place that evening, Captain Elliott again saw the Howards, and was introduced to them by a friend; he asked Florence to dance, and they were talking in a short time, mutually pleased one with the other. Dance succeeded dance; the ball broke up; Captain Elliott and Florence Howard parted, after their first meeting, with regret; and, as he saw her home, he whispered 'he would call on the morrow.'

"He did call from that time almost daily, and he was soon a constant visitor at home, and her general escort abroad. It never occurred to her parents, sister, or friends, that any young girl could regard one so unprepossessing with an eye of affection. Florence was rallied by every one on her conquest of the captain; she smiled, blushed, and of course denied that she cared for him. After some time, Mr. Howard was astonished by a formal proposal of marriage from Captain Elliott for his daughter Florence. The father stormed, raged, and refused him; desiring that he should quit his house, and never again cross his door. Then he went to Florence, and was equally amazed by her confessing that Captain Elliott was so dear to her, she would never wed with any other. Her mother and sister

desired she would consider his disposition and appearance; that, having a small fortune, she was independent, consequently need not sell herself to one deformed in mind and body. To all, her answer was, 'I love him.' Mr. Howard saw no reason why he should consent to so strange a marriage; he sternly forbade his daughter thinking of him, and Florence was not allowed to move without a guard of some member of her family. In a short time her health and spirits began to fail; from a lively, joyous creature, she became sad and absent, often dreaming in the midst of company. At length a physician was consulted, and gave his advice that they should think of the happiness of their child, her mind being in a very unsettled state. The father yielded; Captain Elliott was sent for, and finally the lovers were engaged; the young girl smiled again, and was happy. Every evening saw the Howards sauntering along the water-side; Mrs. Howard and her eldest daughter in front, and Captain Elliott and Florence behind.

"Mrs. Norton has wisely asked, 'Wherein lies the power to charm?' Who could avoid doing the same on looking at those affianced? The ungraceful gait and figure of the officer, with the slight, neat, and elegant girl leaning on his arm, was a contrast so strong you could not fail to observe it.

"Florence Howard was a very pretty girl. Small, with every feature moulded in perfection; limbs formed in perfect symmetry; fair as snow; with a bright hue on her cheek, and dimpling smiles about her mouth; hair of the sunniest auburn, in long, clustering ringlets; and dark, soft eyes of hazel, which she raised to his continually, with an expression of hope, love, and joy. There was no deception in that gaze; it spoke a gentle girl's earliest and holiest sentiment.

"The regiment received the rout suddenly, and Captain Elliott went on leave for two months, to visit his family and arrange affairs before his marriage. Florence Howard was now quite happy; Captain Elliott being, she said, the very best correspondent in the world, and his letters breathed the truest devotion. When his leave expired, he joined his regiment, as it was impossible to procure an extension of it; but wrote to Mr. Howard and Florence, saying he would return and sell out. They thought it better to wait, as a few months would pass quickly. At last he obtained the desired permission, and Florence was in delight, for within a week she should see the man who so strangely fascinated her. The preparations were completed for the ceremony, when one morning she raised the newspaper, more from nervousness than curiosity, to read;

but the first word which fixed her attention was her lover's name, and she read with straining eyes of his elopement and marriage with a young quakeress, who had fled with him from her father's shop; the paper told of his having first seen her while purchasing a pair of gloves; an acquaintance and attachment followed; he had obtained leave of absence, and they were married.

"For months Florence Howard was deprived of reason, carried about from place to place by her parents. At length she began slightly to improve, and entreated them to bring her home; they complied. Florence was silent—even smiled, but so painful was the expression, you could not wish to see it repeated; and when treading the ball-room, or moving about the gayest promenade, her listless eye and passive manner would tell that a girlish heart beat not beneath the bosom of one so young and fair.

"By a strange chance, the regiment into which Captain Elliott exchanged was ordered here, and he arrived with it, once more, two months since. This place certainly has proved his fate.

"I cannot see how any one could blight or crush so bright a creature as Florence Howard, much less he, whose appearance created naturally feelings of disgust. Whether that he wearied of acting a part, or that fickleness alone drew him to the quakeress, I do not know: his heart must, in truth, have been as deformed as his body.

"I watched him one summer's evening, and wondered how a man and a soldier could act towards an unoffending girl with such unprovoked malignity. Mrs. Elliott and he were returning from a walk, and ascending a hill leading to the barracks, he perceived the Howards passing at some little distance; he stopped, and pointed with his finger to the quivering Florence as she passed close underneath on the road, with a brow crimson from agitation; her face spoke plainly agony of mind. That was not enough; his dark passions were roused, and, turning to his wife, he laughed loud in scorn; the strain of mockery reached Florence's ear, but it was for the last time. Within a week he was stretched on his death-bed, forsaken by every one. It seems as though it was ordained that where he broke his truth, there also should rest his dishonored remains. Yet I know Florence Howard is at this moment weeping tears of agony; forgetful of his deceit, and remembering only his death and her heart's first vow. There, now is the first volley fired over the false and base. I must go, sir, trusting I have not wearied you."

The stranger poured forth his thanks, and they separated.

Again and again was the loud report of musketry heard, doing honor to one who never knew honor; then the quick step came merrily along

the streets, as the military returned to their quarters; a fitting death-chant and requiem for one so unworthy.

Years have passed away since these events have taken place. Captain Elliott's falsehood, with Florence Howard's truth and confidingness, are forgotten, other and later circumstances occupying the inhabitants of K——. Yet some there are who, like myself, remember "the officer's funeral," and occasionally give a sigh to the memory of blighted hearts, crushed affections, and youth's fervent dreams. Poor Florence! she has seen her sister married, and lives on, a quiet, passionless woman; her hopes are pointed to heaven, and her heart lies buried in the grave of the dishonored soldier. No marble monument covers his remains; no carved headstone tells of him who lies beneath the green sod; but no record is wanting to remind her who loved: memory will prove a truer one, sharpening its energies by time. Florence Howard needs no hand to lead her to the grassy mound; the name, age, and time are all engraven within; and while the spirit lingers in her lone and sorrowful body, she will be true as when, a betrothed bride, she laughed in gladness of heart with the rising sun, and hailed each morning as the harbinger of happiness.

THE SNOW SHIP.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

FAR within the northern main,
Belted round with ice and snow,
Fettered by a frozen chain,
Many a fathom down below,
Fixed 'mid hills and vales of frost,
See, a stately ship appears !
Long amidst the glaciers lost—
None may say how many years !
Wildly gleams that ship of snow,
Where the northern whirlwinds blow !

Set with stars the slippery sail
Strung with gems each rope and line,
Glittering in the polar gale
Like some brilliant crystal mine.
Arch o'erhanging arch, between
Stands a solid bridge of glass,
Midway earth and heaven seen,
As for angel feet to pass
Down to save that ship of snow,
When the Arctic whirlwinds blow !

Many a breaking heart was there,
 Locked within that realm of death ;
Many a long, imploring prayer
 Passed with many a passing breath ;
Never yet might mortal tell
 Whom that fated vessel bore ;
Ocean keeps her secret well,
 Deep and dark forevermore !
Whilst the mast, like spire of snow,
Points to heaven from human woe !

OLD FRIENDS.

BY MISS G. FANNY ROSS.

My old friends ! my old friends !
And are ye still the same ?
Ye have not waxen cold, friends,
Like some that I could name ;
Although our youth's gay meetings
Have been through years deferred,
Ye have not changed kind greetings
To some chill, formal word.

My old friends ! my old friends !
There's gladness in my breast,
While once again I hold, friends,
The hands so often pressed ;
Nor time nor distance idly
Have our true hearts estranged ;
Though we have wandered widely,
Our friendship has not changed.

My old friends ! my old friends !
Yes—ye are still the same ;
And yet we're often told, friends,
That friendship's but a name.
Ay ! if some faithful prove not,
And all our fond hopes cross,
We've others yet who move not,
And *they* make up our loss.

SELF INDULGENCE.

A FRAGMENT.

BY MISS POWER.

"I WAS very young when I was thrown, or rather let loose, in the world ; I had just completed my eighteenth year when my father died, and my mother—my dear, gentle mother, whose sweet, loving eyes are now before me—had been dead about three years ; my guardian was a weak, indolent, good-natured man, who allowed me to follow the bent of my own inclinations, always consoling himself by saying, ' Boys will be boys : the lad has a good heart, and will never get into any serious scrape.' At twenty-one I came into a splendid fortune : I was an only child ; people told me I was very handsome—I believed them, but despised most of them for giving me the information. I knew I had no common abilities, but I was indolent, and did not often display my talents. I ought to have been happy, according to the worldly acceptance of the term, but I was not ; my life was passed in thirsting and seeking after a something which always eluded my grasp. I dashed headlong into the

giddy round of pleasure, but I always saw the grinning skull behind the smiling mask. I went abroad, and travelled for some time on the continent; in Italy I enjoyed some delicious hours, but I soon wearied of the indolent life of such a climate. I tried love, and attached myself to the gay, and handsome, and admired Lady C——; but she was too gay—she laughed when I was sad, and overpowered me with her spirits; she was too *brilliantly* handsome; her eyes were always bright, and never soft; she was too much admired, for she sought other admiration than mine, and by degrees I left off my visits, and ceased to pay homage at her shrine. The turf entailed too much trouble, and I did not care enough about money to render the winning or losing of it an affair of much interest—the latter reason also applied to gambling; so that if I escaped falling into the follies and vices of most of my companions, it was not from principle, but merely from the want of inclination.

• “Thus rolled away some of my earlier years, and at five-and-twenty I was more *blasé* than most of the men ‘about town’ of five-and-forty. At length I turned to study, and here I found some relief from the demon *ennui*. For two years I occupied the talents so long dormant; I read and reflected deeply—time no longer hung heavy on my hands; the greater part of each

day, and a considerable portion of the night, was spent in study, till my health began to give way ; both mind and body were affected, for my reading was of a nature as little calculated to give health to the former as was such constant application to the latter. I devoted myself entirely to every kind of wild, visionary, and mysterious lore. Had I lived in the time of Louis XI., I should have been an alchymist and astrologer — in the present age what could I be ? A nervous fever put an end to my speculations for a period, and, after some weeks of severe suffering, I crawled forth to see a little of the busy life that whirled around me. It was in the middle of the season ; every one was in town, and with my mind enervated and lowered by illness, I took a sort of childish pleasure in driving about and seeing the busy crowd of pleasure-hunters in the Park ; in a little while I grew stronger, and could enjoy with zest a gallop against the wind.

“ One day I mounted my horse as usual, and rode to the Park. Avoiding the crowd of equestrian loungers at the foot of the Duke of Wellington’s statue, I turned down by the Serpentine, and rode on to the entrance of Kensington Gardens. It was a very hot day, and the shades of the bowery trees looked so inviting, that I felt tempted to dismount and enjoy a solitary ramble : a slight circumstance decided me. While I was

deliberating, a carriage drove up to the entrance, and a lady, followed by a little boy, alighted; I did not see her face as she got out, but there was an Ariel lightness about her figure, a perfect symmetry in the tiny foot, as it was placed on the step of the carriage, an exquisite mixture of elegance and simplicity in her dress, in short, an *air distingué* in all that appertained to her, that, stoic as I was, a feeling of curiosity, if not interest, immediately determined me to follow her footsteps. I dismounted accordingly, and giving my horse to my groom, at a respectful distance I pursued the path she had taken.

"She walked slowly on, now and then pausing to call to the child, who, wild with health and spirits, was continually wandering from her side. What a glorious creature that boy was! He might have been about four years old; dazzlingly fair, and with a profusion of golden ringlets, his eyes, brows, and long lashes, were yet dark as one of Murillo's boys; he was exquisitely dressed, and altogether looked as thoroughbred as the lady he accompanied.

"All this time I was vainly wishing to get a glimpse of her face; I might easily have done so by passing her, but I would not be guilty of that most underbred act of rudeness — staring under a lady's bonnet, so I continued to follow at a distance, hoping the chance might favor me: it did

at last, for the child lingering behind, she turned round and waited for him to join her. How was I repaid for my patience! In my wildest dreams — in my ideal visions of beauty, nothing half so faultlessly lovely had ever glanced across my brain. Now that the memory of her face is before me, I cannot describe it. There is a halo of innocence, of sweetness, of angelic purity, of intellect, beaming round it, that makes each feature, perfect as it is, become merely an auxiliary to her beauty. I felt that that woman was my destiny! I, who had never loved — I, who had laughed at love as a weakness from which I deemed myself forever secure, — I, who had turned with contempt from the smiles of some of the loveliest, had in one second become the veriest slave that ever knelt in the dust where his scornful and haughty mistress had trodden.

“She left the gardens, and I know not how I got home. I cast aside my books — I burned and trampled on the manuscripts, the results of hours of unremitting toil, study, and reflection; by day I walked, rode, or drove through the Park, the streets, the gardens; by night I frequented balls, concerts, the opera, the theatres, all for one glimpse of that face. Everybody *congratulated* me on my new mode of life — poor fools! they little knew the burning anxiety, the feverish restlessness, the hope deferred, the constantly recur-

ring disappointments, that tormented me day and night.

"At last my search was successful; I met her and was introduced to her. How my brain throbbed!—for a moment I could neither move nor speak—her voice recalled me—I know not what I said, but by degrees the holy calm of her soft eyes communicated itself to me, and my soul became placid as a sleeping child.

"She was the wife of another—that boy was her son. Sometimes I loved that child passionately, because it was hers; and at others the sight of him roused my jealous soul almost to madness. Lord Roselyn, her husband, was considerably her senior; he was very popular; everybody said he was so clever, so amiable, so agreeable. How I hated him!—the sound of his praises was gall and wormwood to me. But why? What cared I for the suffrages of that world I despised? It was because they gave *her* pleasure. Yes, she loved him! and I, who would have knelt at her feet and laid down my life for her with pleasure—I was to be the witness of the tender looks exchanged—of the pressure of the hand when they met—of the smile of pleasure and affection that accompanied that pressure! Often have I left her presence, rushed home, and, throwing myself on the bed, tore my hair and gnashed my teeth like a raving maniac.

“Surely she must have seen that I loved her; and yet I could not be sure; she was so innocent, so perfectly guileless, that she seemed as if no thought or suspicion of evil could enter into the pure soul; and I used every effort to conceal my secret both from her and from the world. Often when we met in society, I kept entirely apart from her the whole evening, and contented myself with gazing at her from a distance. But I had one consolation—she had sat for her picture—it was a miniature, a perfect likeness; by the force of an immense bribe, I induced the artist to copy it for me. That, at least, was my own;—in my hours of solitary anguish I fled to it for consolation, and its heavenly smile always brought peace to my wrung and tortured heart.

“One day I called at Lord Roselyn’s house; I was admitted, and found Agnes alone; this rarely happened, as she generally had her boy, and frequently his *gouvernante*, in the room. She looked sadder than I had ever seen her before, and I thought I saw the trace of a tear on her cheek. Oh! why could I not kneel before her, and take her hand in mine, and bid her be comforted? She tried to be cheerful as usual, but while she spoke, her eyes filled up, and she turned over some drawings on the table to hide her emotion. I had been more than mortal had I withstood her tears—in one moment I was at her feet; I had

seized her hand, and poured forth the tale of my love — my sufferings — my devotion — my despair. At first she remained motionless ; she seemed struck with sudden insensibility ; then, recovering herself, she sprang from me, and stood aloof, her graceful figure drawn to its full height, her eyes flashing, her lips compressed, her cheek covered with burning blushes — there was a pause.

“ ‘ Rise, sir,’ she said, ‘ and leave the room.’ ”

“ I rose, but did not approach her. I told her I asked nothing, I hoped for nothing, but her forgiveness and her pity. I told her I would never more offend by word or look ; that I never had intended to avow my passion, and I prayed but for one word of pardon before I quitted her presence. While I spoke, her manner changed, and, as I concluded, she came forward, and giving me her hand, she said, ‘ I forgive you, but remember the conditions.’ ”

“ I left her presence with a determination never to enter it again. That night I gave orders for immediate preparations for going abroad. I felt I could not remain in England : I could not go on meeting her almost daily, as I had hitherto done ; nor yet could I have the resolution to avoid her. Happiness I could never hope to obtain, but I might acquire fortitude to endure mis-

ery ; at least, both for her sake and my own, I would make the effort.

“ Before my departure, I wrote to her, telling her my resolution, detailing every circumstance, and once more entreating her pardon for the act into which I had been hurried.

“ I received the following reply : —

“ ‘ I approve highly of your resolution ; I forgive you from my heart, and trust that time will restore to you tranquillity. Receive my best wishes, and believe me

“ ‘ Your sincere friend,

“ ‘ A. R.’

“ The following day I left England. I travelled for about a year on the continent, hurrying from place to place to fly from myself and my miseries ; but the memory of Agnes was never for a moment absent : the tones of her voice were forever ringing in my ear : the expression of those soft eyes—of her smile—of her every look—was vividly engraved on my heart. Her picture and those few parting lines were treasures not all the wealth of Golconda could purchase ; I clung to them as the records of a love that began and continued in sorrow, and could end only in death.

“ Thus passed away the first year of my pilgrimage. I made no attempt to conquer the passion that possessed my whole being—I nursed it

in secret and in tears. I could have no consolation, for I had no hope. To me the future was but a dreary continuation of the wretched present; the memory of the past was all that was left to me, and was there aught in it that could bring comfort? Some there are who make to themselves a destiny—others who follow the course of their fate: I might have been of the former class, but my natural indolence of disposition placed me among the latter. I had never struggled—I had never resisted an impulse, but had yielded to every circumstance, not without a murmur, but without an effort to *master* circumstances. After a time I began to perceive that my life had been hitherto completely thrown away: I weighed what I was against what I might have been, and, oh, how was I found wanting! I am sure I could never have found happiness, but I might have found greatness—I might have enjoyed the triumph of gratified ambition—I might have raised for myself a name that future generations would reverence. Such I *might* have been, I *might* have done; and what was I?—a broken-hearted exile, wandering hither and thither over the earth, flying from what?—seeking for what?—spending youth, health, talents, on what?—leading an aimless, useless, miserable life!

“I thought of all this, and my dormant spirit rose. I said within myself, ‘I have long yielded

—now will I learn to conquer!’ I no longer pursued the course of solitary and desultory ramblings that I had hitherto followed: I sought the great capitals; I mingled with the highest and most distinguished men of each; I applied myself to the studies and pursuits best calculated to improve my taste, cultivate my mind, and place me on the road to vie with those I envied and admired.

“All this could not fail to produce a salutary effect: by degrees I became more of a rational and thinking being, instead of the wretched, hopeless dreamer I had so long been; even my love for Agnes assumed a different character; I thought how much more worthy I was to love her; I flattered myself that the course I was now pursuing was one she would approve. I knew so well her kind and gentle nature, that I was convinced it would please her to know that my passion for her was no longer the cause of utter despair and endless misery to me; and this went far to console me.

“But still there were times when all my old feelings of bitterness returned. What could all this be to me? I lived but for her, and she did not love me — she never would love me — nay, worse, ten thousand times worse, she loved another! Had she been equally insensible to all as to me, I could have borne it; I should only have to en-

ture grief and regret; but to think that she was possessed of the warmest affections — the deepest sensibility — that love in its fullest and purest sense filled her heart — and that all this was given to another! Oh the tortures of frantic jealousy that wrung my soul at this thought! And, perhaps, while I was flattering myself that my present efforts were such as would please her, she had forgotten my existence, or at least looked back upon the past as connected with me merely as a disagreeable passage, of which she wished to lose the memory.

“Thus, alternately hoping and fearing, trusting and despairing, another year passed away; and when a third was gone, I determined to return once more to England. I thought that now I was so completely master of myself and of my passions, that I could even venture into her presence, that I could look at her, and speak to her, and hear her voice, without betraying emotion. I felt sure that I could rely on my own strength; and immediately I prepared for my homeward journey.

“A day or two after my arrival, I met Lady C—— in Grosvenor Square: she was as brilliant, as gay and as beautiful as ever. She congratulated me on my return, asked me a thousand questions without waiting for an answer, and would not let me go until I had promised to go to

her ball, which was to take place next night. I promised, and, with one of her bright smiles, she bade me adieu.

"I went to the ball: the light, the noise, the crowd distracted me; I felt sick, and sad, and *ennuyé*. There was no one I cared to see—nothing I wished to hear; and I was just meditating a retreat, when through the crowd I discerned one figure—it was Agnes! I believe I turned deadly pale, for some of those who were near me looked at me with affright; I trembled so violently that I was obliged to cling to a pillar for support—a mist floated before my eyes—my heart throbbed as though each beat counted one of the last moments of my existence; but by a violent effort I recovered myself. Was it for this, I thought, that I had spent so many months in struggling with myself?—that I had striven day and night against my own weakness, my own passions? No! I had learnt to conquer! and now was the moment to achieve the greatest victory of all!

"I crossed the room and approached her: she saw me, and holding out her hand, said, with one of her sweetest smiles, 'Ah! you are welcome home; tell me where you have been, and how you are, after all your wanderings?'

"'Thank you for the welcome,' I said; 'my travels have done me a world of good; indeed,

I have quite *recovered*,' I added, significantly, and I did not blush as the lie passed my lips. She understood me, and we began to talk of my travels, &c. Her presence had not lost its soothing spell: I felt calm and happy as I used to do beneath the holy influence that hung around her; but this was not to last. Her husband (I found I hated him as bitterly as formerly) came up: he, too, was all kindness and congratulations; hoped to see me often, &c. ; and I smiled, and said how happy I should be to renew my visits, and paid him to the full his elaborate civility. And then he said it was late, and, giving his arm to Agnes, bade me good-night; and she smiled kindly, and shook my hand at parting; and—I cannot tell what followed—I——”

* * * * *

Here the manuscript ends—nearly with the life of the author. On that memorable night the unfortunate young man shot himself. His remains were discovered the next morning, fearfully disfigured; the face it was impossible to recognize.

Thus died one who, from his talents, fortune, and station, might have been one of the brightest ornaments of society; but who, from indolence and want of proper guidance in early youth, became a miserable and useless being, and died a frightful and unnatural death.

THE BRIDE.

BY MRS. ABDY.

WE miss her from these halls of mirth;
Her home is by a calmer hearth,
And gold and gems no longer grace
The loveliest daughter of her race;
She dwells in a secluded spot,
And her vain kindred name her not,
Save to deplore in baffled pride
The fortunes of the exiled bride.

The exquisite and tutored song,
That once entranced this radiant throng,
She murmurs now in woodland bowers,
Amid the stars, and trees, and flowers:
Yet *one* shall bless those siren lays,
And in those dark eyes warmly gaze,
And joyously the hours shall glide
O'er the fond lover and his bride.

Fair girl, rest calmly in thy bliss,
Thou wert not formed for scenes like this,
For feverish hopes, and jealous fears,
And heartless smiles, and hidden tears:

Thy gay companions mourn thy doom ;
Think on their fading smiles and bloom,
Their feelings worn, and spirits tried,
And weep for them, young, happy bride.

Far from the world's deceitful maze,
Thine are calm nights, and peaceful days ;
And friendship's smile, and love's caress
Hallow thy household happiness ;
Then in thy guarded home remain,
We would not wish thee here again,
And ever may good angels guide
Thy way in safety, gentle bride.



DESIGNED BY E. T. BROWN

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The Greek Myth

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THE GRECIAN WIFE.

BY MISS LOUISA HENRIETTA SHERIDAN.

IN the summer of 1832, an English party, consisting of a lady, her son and daughter, prevailed on me to accompany them on a voyage to the Mediterranean, professedly to explore the beauties of its shores, but in reality to try the effect of sea air for the invalid Clara, the youthful idol of our circle, whose gently expressed wish for my society had all the power of a command; and, after a prosperous passage along the coast of Italy, their commodious yacht brought us among those themes of ancient and modern song, the Greek Isles. The novel scenery, with the luxuriant vegetation of its exquisite climate, enchanted our invalid; and Ypsarà appearing to elicit her strongest preference, we decided on reposing there after our voyage, and took a temporary residence near Ajio Sotira; from hence we daily made excursions to places inaccessible for a carriage; Clara being frequently induced by her picturesque enthusiasm to overtask her failing strength.

Having often heard of the remarkable few

from Mount Mavrovouni, she was tempted, one cool grey morning, to visit it early with Frederick and myself; and we remained sketching from different points, unmindful of the sultry glory of a southern midday sun, until, turning to address Clara, I perceived she had fainted over her spirited sketch. In great alarm, Frederick bore her toward a sequestered villa we had previously remarked, while I almost flew up the path before him, to solicit assistance, until a sudden turn brought me beneath a verandah, and in presence of a young Greek lady.

Never shall I forget the noble vision of loveliness which met my gaze, as I breathlessly explained, and apologized for, my intrusion. In all the majestic freshness of early womanhood, she was seated watching the slumber of a cherub boy, whose rounded cheek was pillowed by her arm: her costume, of the richest materials, selected with the skill of a painter, consisted of a *foustanella* of the lightest green satin, under an open *guna* robe of violet velvet, starred and embroidered in gold, and displaying her swan-like neck and bust, covered by a pearl network; the small *fessi*-cap of crimson velvet, encircled with gold zechins, was lightly placed on her profuse silken black hair; and, as she listened, my request was already answered from the depths of her soft, lustrous eyes, ere her reply, in the purest Italian, could find utterance.

Clara was soon established on the gorgeously-rayed couch, and recalled by the gentle cares so gracefully bestowed by the fair Greek, whose infant charge, now awake and gayly lisping, had nestled into my arms, and was archly misleading my efforts to pronounce his name, Polizoides, correctly. His joyous exclamation first made us aware of the arrival of an officer, of slight, elegant, and very youthful appearance, so strikingly like our lovely entertainer, that I asked, with almost certainty, "*Il vostro Fratello, Signora?*" A blush of pleasure accompanied her smiling reply, "*No; il mio Marito, Lochagos* Mavromikális.*"

The boy was instantly in his father's arms, who welcomed us with a graceful and high-bred cordiality; and we prolonged our stay while he discoursed on the stirring themes of national interest, with all the impetuous energy natural to his youth, his country, and profession of arms; the fond eyes of Anastásoula, no longer languid, echoing his rapid eloquence with their kindling flash, indicating the possession of woman's most beautiful and most fatal gift, intense feeling. So charmed were we with these youthful lovers, (who we found were also orphan cousins,) that their animated wish for increasing our intimacy was met with equal fervor. We found both were

**Lochagos*, captain.

highly gifted, and exceedingly well informed; and from that time scarcely a day passed without a visit or note between us.

About six weeks after this occurrence, Frederick Vernon came in hastily one morning, looking agitated and deadly pale; Clara, with an invalid's perception, eagerly demanded the cause.

"The whole town is ringing with a spirited but most hapless act of Mavromikális," he replied; "he was ordered by Ektatos* Koliopulos to march with his regiment against Ajio Steffano, which happens to be his native village, inhabited by his relations and family retainers; he calmly requested an exchange of duty for some other not requiring a personal conflict against the actual ties of nature; but he was coarsely ordered to march instantly, or surrender his sword as a traitor to his party. Highly excited by this unexpected alternative, he hesitated, and remained silent, when a foreign officer advancing, laid his hand on the sword, saying, superciliously, 'Lo-chagos, you must renounce that of which you make no use!' Mavromikális felled him to the earth, drew the sword, and saying, 'it should never be stained by himself, or disgraced by another,' he snapped the blade, and threw it at the feet of the commanding officer."

"Knowing his impetuous character," said

Ektatos, governor.

Clara, "I can scarcely blame him ; but what will be the result ?"

"Alas ! there is no uncertainty, dearest ; guilty of having rebelled against orders, and of striking his superior officer, he is taken to the Fort prison, and by the Greek military code, the sentence of *death* is inevitable !"

* * * * *

On recovering from the first shock of this overwhelming intelligence, I proceeded to the villa ; here a hurried and defaced note from Anastásoula awaited me, stating, "she had gone to seek the aid of a distant friend, alone and disguised, lest she might be intercepted." Sadly I returned home, and found Frederick had sought admission to the prisoner in the Fort ; but this the foreign sentinel had refused, coarsely saying, "It would be time enough to see him three days hence, when led forth for execution !"

As a last resource, we framed a petition to the stern Ektatos, signed by the English and leading Greeks ; but he replied, the state of regimental insubordination was such, that he had been waiting to make a striking example of a man of rank and influence, such as Mavromiká-lis, and therefore all interference was in vain.

* * * * *

The awful ceremonial of death was arranged in all its melancholy solemnity ; the soldiers,

looking pale from their distressing duty, stood silent as the grave. A movement arose among the crowding spectators, and the prisoner was led forth, no longer in that uniform which had proved so fatal, but habited in the flowing tunic and vest of his native place; this, however, did not conceal the hasty ravages of sorrow on his young frame, hitherto firm though slight, but now devoid of elasticity as he mournfully stepped towards the doomed square. For the first time he raised his head, and looking towards heaven was soon lost in mental prayer; then murmurs at his extreme beauty came from the crowd, and while their anxiety was at its most painful height, a peasant girl pressed in front of the line, setting down a lovely boy, who joyously bounded towards the condemned, exclaiming, "*Mamma! my own mamma again!*"

That sound caused an electric change in the bearing of the prisoner, whose abstracted thoughts were recalled to earth by nature's soft bonds; the long, long embrace, the hysterical maternal cry of "*My boy! my boy!*" proved to the spectators that the unerring perception of affection had exceeded theirs, and taught the infant boy to discover, in the disguised prisoner, his own loved mother, whose life he had thus preserved!

Having failed in all her appeals for pardon, Anastásoula had effected her entrance into the

fort, disguised so that even the prisoner did not recognize her; and, professing to be an agent of his wife's, had prevailed on him to escape, and conceal himself on board Vernon's yacht, where, she added, his family would join him. He effected all she had well arranged by faithful agents; but he little thought that his heart's treasure was to be the price of his deliverance; he had even experienced a half-reproachful regret that Anastásoula had not risked a personal interview to cheer him for his perilous undertaking;—so seldom does man divine the devotion of woman, or guess the ecstasy arising from self-sacrifice for an idolized object, intense in proportion to the extent of what she has relinquished; for the woman who adores, there is but one hopeless suffering, the desolating conviction of having lost the heart which has cast its spells over her first affections.

* * * * *

Ektatos Koliopulos, on learning the exchange, and concluding the rebel was beyond his reach, withdrew from the manifestations of popular feeling; and the heroic Anastásoula was borne, nearly lifeless, to our house. Her alabaster skin had been stained to the deep tint of her husband's, and the resemblance made complete by the sacrifice of her luxuriant tresses, so that nothing but childhood's instinct could have discovered

her. We soon after received a private intimation, from the cautious Ektatos, that he had commuted the sentence of death for instant banishment from Ypsarà ; and having no ties there, we hastily broke up our establishment, carrying away our Greek friends, whom we left to retirement and affection at Tenedos.

* * * * *

Our English party were at Corfu in 1833, when the Governor gave an entertainment to the young Otho, on his route to take possession of his new kingdom. I had the honor of waltzing with this good-natured, plain, flat-featured, Moorish-looking prince, (whom I found, like myself, much fonder of dancing than politics, and who, whatever sort of king he may be, is one of the best waltzing partners in Europe, which is much more agreeable;) I took an opportunity to relate the foregoing trait of his new nation ; and, as I felt that no waltz-loving prince could refuse a petition while dancing to "The Notre-dame," I made mine in such effective terms that I had the pleasure, soon afterwards, of adding a bright ornament to his court in the fascinating Anastásoula, the devoted young GREEK WIFE.

THE DEPARTED FRIEND.

BY C. E. N.

WHEN life was young, when all the hopes we
wove

Seemed bright as buds of some unopened
flower,

My friend and I did vow, for very love,
Never to be apart in sorrow's hour.

How bear I then my sorrow singly now?

Why hear I not thy welcome footstep fall?

Hast thou forgot that sweet and pleasant vow,

Or learned to slight my melancholy call?

Oh! thou, whose kindness never failed at need—

Thou, whose true word was never passed in
vain—

What stays thy coming, or delays thy speed?

DEATH! By the hollow tomb where I com-
plain,

Stands echo! fiend, whose voice hath no reply;

Forever answering grief with grief's own bitter
cry!

THE PARVENUE.

BY MRS. SHELLEY.

WHY do I write my melancholy story? Is it as a lesson to prevent any other from wishing to rise to rank superior to that in which they are born? No! miserable as I am, others might have been happy, I doubt not, in my position: the chalice has been poisoned for me alone! Am I evil-minded—am I wicked? What have been my errors, that I am now an outcast and a wretch? I will tell my story—let others judge me; my mind is bewildered; I cannot judge myself.

My father was a land steward to a wealthy nobleman. He married young, and had several children. He then lost his wife, and remained fifteen years a widower, when he married again a young girl, the daughter of a clergyman, who died, leaving a numerous offspring in extreme poverty. My maternal grandfather had been a man of sensibility and genius; my mother inherited many of his endowments. She was an earthly angel; all her works were charity, all her thoughts were love.

Within a year after her marriage, she gave birth to twins—I and my sister; soon after she fell into ill health, and from that time was always weakly. She could endure no fatigue, and seldom moved from her chair. I see her now; her white, delicate hands employed in needlework, her soft, love-lighted eyes fixed on me. I was still a child when my father fell into trouble, and we removed from the part of the country where we had hitherto lived, and went to a distant village, where we rented a cottage, with a little land adjoining. We were poor, and all the family assisted each other. My elder half-sisters were strong, industrious, rustic young women, and submitted to a life of labor with great cheerfulness. My father held the plough, my half-brothers worked in the barns; all was toil, yet all seemed enjoyment.

How happy my childhood was! Hand in hand with my dear twin sister, I plucked the spring flowers in the hedges, turned the hay in the summer meadows, shook the apples from the trees in the autumn, and at all seasons gambolled in delicious liberty beneath the free air of heaven; or at my mother's feet, caressed by her, I was taught the sweetest lessons of charity and love. My elder sisters were kind; we were all linked by strong affection. The delicate, fragile existence of my mother gave an interest to our monotony, while

her virtues and her refinement threw a grace over our homely household.

I and my sister did not seem twins, we were so unlike. She was robust, chubby, full of life and spirits; I, tall, slim, fair, and even pale. I loved to play with her, but soon grew tired, and then I crept to my mother's side, and she sang me to sleep, and nursed me in her bosom, and looked on me with her own angelic smile. She took pains to instruct me, not in accomplishments, but in all real knowledge. She unfolded to me the wonders of the visible creation, and to each tale of bird and beast, of fiery mountain or vast river, was appended some moral, derived from her warm heart and ardent imagination. Above all, she impressed upon me the precepts of the gospel, charity to every fellow-creature, the brotherhood of mankind, the rights that every sentient creature possesses to our services alone. I was her almoner; for, poor as she was, she was the benefactress of those who were poorer. Being delicate, I helped her in her task of needle-work, while my sister aided the rest in their household or rustic labors.

When I was seventeen, a miserable accident happened. A hayrick caught fire; it communicated to our outhouses, and at last to the cottage. We were roused from our beds at midnight, and escaped barely with our lives. My father bore out

my mother in his arms, and then tried to save a portion of his property. The roof of the cottage fell in on him. He was dug out after an hour, scorched, maimed, crippled for life.

We were all saved, but by a miracle only was I preserved. I and my sister were awoke by cries of fire. The cottage was already enveloped in flames. Susan, with her accustomed intrepidity, rushed through the flames, and escaped; I thought only of my mother, and hurried to her room. The fire raged around me; it encircled—hemmed me in. I believed that I must die, when suddenly I felt myself seized upon and borne away. I looked on my preserver—it was Lord Reginald Desborough.

For many Sundays past, when at church, I knew that Lord Reginald's eyes were fixed on me. He had met me and Susan in our walks; he had called at our cottage. There was fascination in his eye, in his soft voice and earnest gaze, and my heart throbbed with gladness as I thought that he surely loved me. To have been saved by him was to make the boon of life doubly precious.

There is to me much obscurity in this part of my story. Lord Reginald loved me, it is true; why he loved me, so far as to forget pride of rank and ambition for my sake, he who afterwards showed no tendency to disregard the prejudices and

habits of rank and wealth, I cannot tell ; it seems strange. He had loved me before, but from the hour that he saved my life, love grew into an overpowering passion. He offered us a lodge on his estate to take refuge in ; and while there, he sent us presents of game, and still more kindly, fruits and flowers to my mother, and came himself, especially when all were out except my mother and myself, and sat by us and conversed. Soon I learned to expect the soft, asking look of his eyes, and almost dared answer it. My mother once perceived these glances, and took an opportunity to appeal to Lord Reginald's good feelings, not to make me miserable for life by implanting an attachment that could only be productive of unhappiness. His answer was to ask me in marriage.

I need not say that my mother gratefully consented—that my father, confined to his bed since the fire, thanked God with rapture—that my sisters were transported by delight : I was the least surprised then, though the most happy. Now, I wonder much, what could he see in me ? So many girls of rank and fortune were prettier. I was an untaught, low-born, portionless girl. It was very strange.

Then I only thought of the happiness of marrying him, of being loved, of passing my life with him. My wedding-day was fixed. Lord Regi-

nald had neither father nor mother to interfere with his arrangements. He told no relation ; he became one of our family during the interval. He saw no deficiencies in our mode of life—in my dress ; he was satisfied with all ; he was tender, assiduous, and kind, even to my elder sisters ; he seemed to adore my mother, and became a brother to my sister Susan. She was in love, and asked him to intercede to gain her parents' consent for her choice. He did so ; and though before, Lawrence Cooper, the carpenter of the place, had been disdained, supported by him, he was accepted. Lawrence Cooper was young, well-looking, well disposed, and fondly attached to Susan.

My wedding-day came. My mother kissed me fondly, my father blessed me with pride and joy, my sisters stood round, radiant with delight. There was but one drawback to the universal happiness—that immediately on my marriage, I was to go abroad.

From the church door I stepped into the carriage. Having once and again been folded in my dear mother's embrace, the wheels were in motion, and we were away. I looked out from the window ; there was the dear group ; my old father, white-headed and aged, in his large chair, my mother, smiling through her tears, with folded hands, and upraised looks of gratitude, antici-

pating long years of happiness for her grateful Fanny; Susan and Lawrence standing side by side, unenvious of my greatness, happy in themselves; my sisters conning over with pride and joy the presents made to them, and the prosperity that flowed in from my husband's generosity. All looked happy, and it seemed as if I were the cause of all this happiness. We had been indeed saved from dreadful evils; ruin had ensued from the fire, and we had been sunk in adversity through that very event from which our good fortune took its rise. I felt proud and glad. I loved them all. I thought, I make them happy—they are prosperous through me! And my heart warmed with gratitude towards my husband at the idea.

We spent two years abroad. It was rather lonely for me, who had always been surrounded, as it were, by a populous world of my own, to find myself cast upon foreigners and strangers; the habits of the different sexes in the higher ranks so separate them from each other, that after a few months, I spent much of my time in solitude. I did not repine; I had been brought up to look upon the hard visage of life, if not unflinchingly, at least with resignation. I did not expect perfect happiness. Marriages in humble life are attended with as much care. I had none of this; my husband loved me; and though

I often longed to see the dear familiar faces that thronged my childhood's home, and above all I pined for my mother's caresses and her wise maternal lessons, yet for a time I was content to think of them, and hope for a reünion, and to acquiesce in the present separation.

Still many things pained me : I had, poor myself, been brought up among the poor, and nothing, since I can remember forming an idea, so much astonished and jarred with my feelings, as the thought of how the rich could spend so much on themselves, while any one of their fellow-creatures was in destitution. I had none of the patrician charity, (though such is praiseworthy,) which consists in distributing thin soup and coarse flannel petticoats — a sort of instinct or sentiment of justice, the offspring of my lowly paternal hearth, and my mother's enlightened piety, was deeply implanted in my mind, that all had as good a right to the comforts of life as myself, or even as my husband. My charities, they were called — they seemed to me the payment of my debts to my fellow-creatures — were abundant. Lord Reginald peremptorily checked them ; but as I had a large allowance for my own expenses, I denied myself a thousand luxuries to which it appeared to me I had no right, for the sake of feeding the hungry. Nor was it only that charity impelled me, but that I could not acquire a

taste for spending money on myself—I disliked the apparatus of wealth. My husband called my ideas sordid, and reproved me severely, when, instead of outshining all competitors at a fête, I appeared dowdily dressed, and declared warmly that I could not, I would not, spend twenty guineas on a gown, while I could dress so many sad faces in smiles, and bring so much joy to so many drooping hearts, by the same sum.

Was I right? I firmly believe that there is not one among the rich who will not affirm that I did wrong; that to please my husband and do honor to his rank, was my first duty. Yet, shall I confess it? even now, rendered miserable by this fault—I cannot give it that name—I can call it a misfortune—it is such to be consumed at the stake, a martyr for one's faith. Do not think me presumptuous in this simile; for many years I have wasted at the slow fire of knowing that I lost my husband's affections because I performed what I believed to be a duty.

But I am not come to that yet. It was not till my return to England that the full disaster crushed me. We had often been applied to for money by my family, and Lord Reginald had acceded to nearly all their requests. When we reached London, after two years' absence, my first wish was to see my dear mother. She was at Margate for her health. It was agreed that I

should go there alone, and pay a short visit. Before I went, Lord Reginald told me what I did not know before, that my family had often made exorbitant demands on him, with which he was resolved not to comply. He told me he had no wish to raise my relatives from their station in society; and that, indeed, there were only two among them whom he conceived had any claims upon me—my mother and my twin sister: that the former was incapable of any improper request, and the latter, by marrying Cooper, had fixed her own position, and could in no way be raised from the rank of her chosen husband. I agreed to much that he said. I replied that he well knew that my own taste led me to consider mediocrity the best and happiest situation; that I had no wish, and would never consent, to supply any extravagant demands on the part of persons, however dear to me, whose circumstances he had rendered easy.

Satisfied with my reply, we parted most affectionately, and I went on my way to Margate with a light and glad heart; and the cordial reception I received from my whole family collected together to receive me, was calculated to add to my satisfaction. The only drawback to my content was my mother's state; she was wasted to a shadow. They all talked and laughed around her, but it was evident to me that she had not long to live.

There was no room for me in the small furnished house in which they were all crowded, so I remained at the hotel. Early in the morning, before I was up, my father visited me. He begged me to intercede with my husband ; that, on the strength of his support, he had embarked in a speculation which required a large capital ; that many families would be ruined, and himself dishonored, if a few hundreds were not advanced. I promised to do what I could, resolving to ask my mother's advice, and make her my guide. My father kissed me with an effusion of gratitude, and left me.

I cannot enter into the whole of these sad details ; all my half-brothers and sisters had married, and trusted to their success in life to Lord Reginald's assistance. Each evidently thought that they asked little in not demanding an equal share of my luxuries and fortune ; but they were all in difficulty — all needed large assistance — all depended on me.

Lastly, my own sister Susan appealed to me ; but hers was the most moderate request of all — she only wished for twenty pounds. I gave it her at once from my own purse.

As soon as I saw my mother I explained to her my difficulties. She told me that she expected this, and that it broke her heart : I must summon courage, and resist these demands. That my

father's imprudence had ruined him, and that he must encounter the evil he had brought on himself; that my numerous relatives were absolutely mad with the notion of what I ought to do for them. I listened with grief—I saw the torments in store for me—I felt my own weakness, and knew that I could not meet the rapacity of those about me with any courage or firmness. That same night my mother fell into convulsions; her life was saved with difficulty. From Susan I learned the cause of her attack. She had had a violent altercation with my father: she insisted that I should not be appealed to; while he reproached her for rendering me undutiful, and bringing ruin and disgrace on his grey hairs. When I saw my pale mother trembling, fainting, dying—when I was again and again assured that she must be my father's victim unless I yielded, what wonder that, in the agony of my distress, I wrote to my husband to implore his assistance.

O! what thick clouds now obscured my destiny! how do I remember, with a sort of thrilling horror, the boundless sea, white cliffs, and wide sands of Margate. The summer day that had welcomed my arrival changed to bleak wintry weather during this interval—while I waited with anguish for my husband's answer. Well do I remember the evening on which it came: the

waves of the sea showed their white crests, no vessel ventured to meet the gale with any canvass except a topsail, the sky was bared clear by the wind, the sun was going down fiery red. I looked upon the troubled waters — I longed to be borne away upon them, away from care and misery. At this moment a servant followed me to the sands with my husband's answer; it contained a refusal. I dared not communicate it. The menaces of bankruptcy; the knowledge that he had instilled false hopes into so many; the fears of disgrace rendered my father, always rough, absolutely ferocious. Life flickered in my dear mother's frame; it seemed on the point of expiring when she heard my father's step; if he came in with a smooth brow, her pale lips wreathed into her own sweet smile, and a delicate pink tinged her fallen cheeks; if he scowled, and his voice was high, every limb shivered, she turned her face to her pillow, while convulsive tears shook her frame, and threatened instant dissolution. My father sought me alone one day, as I was walking in melancholy guise upon the sands; he swore that he would not survive his disgrace; "And do you think, Fanny," he added, "that your mother will survive the knowledge of my miserable end?" I saw the resolution of despair in his face as he spoke. I asked the sum needed — the time when it must be

given. A thousand pounds in two days was all that was asked. I set off to London to implore my husband to give this sum.

No! no! I cannot, step by step, record my wretchedness; the money was given—I extorted it from Lord Reginald, though I saw his very heart closed on me as he wrote the cheque. Worse had happened since I had left him. Susan had used the twenty pounds I gave her to reach town, to throw herself at my husband's feet, and implore his compassion. Rendered absolutely insane by the idea of having a lord for a brother-in-law, Cooper had launched into a system of extravagance, incredible as it was wicked. He was many thousand pounds in debt, and when at last Lord Reginald wrote to refuse all further supply, the miserable man committed forgery. Two hundred pounds prevented exposure, and preserved him from an ignominious end. Five hundred more were advanced to send him and his wife to America, to settle there out of the way of temptation. I parted from my dear sister; I loved her fondly; she had no part in her husband's guilt, yet she was still attached to him, and her child bound them together; they went into solitary, miserable exile. "Ah! had we remained in virtuous poverty," cried my broken-hearted sister, "I had not been forced to leave my dying mother."

The thousand pounds given to my father was but a drop of water in the ocean. Again I was appealed to; again I felt the slender thread of my mother's life depended on my getting a supply. Again, trembling and miserable, I implored the charity of my husband.

"I am content," he said, "to do what you ask, to do more than you ask; but remember the price you pay—either give up your parents and your family, whose rapacity and crimes deserve no mercy, or we part forever. You shall have a proper allowance; you can maintain all your family on it if you please; but their names must never be mentioned to me again. Choose between us, Fanny—you never see them more, or we part forever."

Did I do right?—I cannot tell—misery is the result—misery, frightful, endless, unredeemed. My mother was dearer to me than all the world—my heart revolted from my husband's selfishness. I did not reply; I rushed to my room, and that night, in a sort of delirium of grief and horror, at my being asked never again to see my mother, I set out for Margate—such was my reply to my husband.

Three years have passed since then; for these three I preserved my mother, and during all this time I was grateful to Heaven for being permitted to do my duty by her, and though I

wept over the alienation of my cruel husband, I did not repent. But she, my angelic support, is no more. My father survived my mother but two months; remorse for all he had done and made me suffer, cut short his life. His family by his first wife are gathered round me; they importune, they rob, they destroy me. Last week I wrote to Lord Reginald. I communicated the death of my parents; I represented that my position was altered; that my duties did not now clash; and if he still cared for his unhappy wife, all might be well. Yesterday his answer came. It was too late, he said; I had myself torn asunder the ties that united us; they never could be knit together again.

By the same post came a letter from Susan. She is happy. Cooper, profiting by the frightful lesson he incurred, awakened to a manly sense of the duties of life, is thoroughly reformed. He is industrious, prosperous, and respectable. Susan asks me to join her. I am resolved to go. O! my native village, and recollections of my youth, to which I sacrificed so much, where are ye now? — tainted by pestilence, envenomed by serpents' stings, I long to close my eyes on every scene I have ever viewed. Let me seek a strange land, a land where a grave will soon be opened for me. I feel that I cannot live long — I desire to die. I am told that Lord Reginald loves another

— a highborn girl ; that he openly curses our union as the obstacle to his happiness. The memory of this will poison the oblivion I go to seek in a distant land. He will be free. Soon will the hand he once so fondly took in his and made his own, which, now flung away, trembles with misery as it traces these lines, moulder in its last decay.

WHEN THE SAD WORD.

BY THE SILENTIARY.

WHEN the sad word "Adieu," from my lip is nigh
falling,

And, with it, hope passes away ;
Ere the tongue has half breathed it, my fond
heart recalling

That fated farewell, bids me stay.
For oh ! 't is a penance so weary,
One hour from thy presence to be,
That death to this soul were less dreary,
Less dark than long absence from thee.

Thy beauty, like day on the dull world breaking,
Brings life to the heart it shines o'er,
And in mine, a new feeling of happiness waking,
Made light what was darkness before.

But mute is the day's sunny glory,
While thine has a voice, on whose breath,
More sweet than the siren's sweet story,
My hopes hang through life and through death !

HAVRE.

BY LEITCH RITCHIE.

ONE of the nymphs of Ceres, whose name was La Seine, was one day amusing herself with gathering shells on the sea-sand, and running away with ories of sportive terror from the huge waves that sometimes broke over her feet. While engaged in this manner, the nymph Heva, whose province it was to watch over her beautiful friend, lest she should meet with the fate of Proserpine, saw suddenly a blue robe floating on the waters; and, soon after, the white locks and purple face of Neptune rose above the surface.

La Seine, startled by a wild scream from the lips of Heva, fled towards the bank; but the god, enamored with the beauty of her bashful fear, and the elegance of her unstudied motions, shook out the reins of his hippocampi, and bounded after at full speed. Already had he overtaken the breathless fugitive; and already was his hand extended to seize her, when with a loud shriek she invoked the aid of her father, Bacchus, and her mistress, Ceres, and at the instant she melted into

water, beneath the grasp of the god, and became a river, that still loves to wander through the haunts in which she delighted while a nymph.

Heva died of grief, and the admiring Nereides built her a monument of white and black stones, on the side of a steep, which retains her name to this day ; while Amphitrite, indignant at the infidelity of her spouse, hollowed out a bay near the spot, to serve in all future times as a sure Havre (harbor) against the fury of Neptune.

Such, if we believe the dreams of the tender and graceful Saint Pierre, was the origin of Havre: I would recommend the sceptic (provided he hath music in his soul) to betake himself to the heights of Ingouville, what time the mists of morning or evening twilight are hanging over the sea. There will he behold the identical veil of the nymph of Ceres, undulating upon the emerald waters ; and there will he shape out of the shadows of distance the mantle of that old sea-king

“ Floating many a rood ”

upon the waves. His mind, filled with images of physical beauty, will be led into their moral associations ; again will he find himself a denizen of that antique world in which the dead forms of nature were animated by the spirit of poetry ; and again will he feel his heart grow young in the old faith, and think

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"That still from Jupiter, whate'er is great
Proceeds ; from Venus, everything that's fair."

When he has descended, however, from these heights of Ingouville, where the good taste of the English has built themselves a little city of exile, the bustle and industry of a great maritime town recall him to the realities of the present world. He finds that Havre was not founded by Amphitrite, but by Louis XII.; and not from jealousy of Neptune, but of the enemy. The port of Harfleur was fast filling up with sand, and a town of defence being necessary at the embouchure of the Seine, Louis laid the foundations of Havre in 1509.

His son-in-law, Francis I., continued the works with more spirit ; and in order to signalize at once the new town and himself, constructed there a vast ship, called *La Grande Françoise*, which he destined to combat the Turks. The principal mast of *Mademoiselle* was about six fathoms in circumference ; and she carried her own chapel for the celebration of mass, a tennis-court, a smithy, a windmill, and numerous apartments, and after all had room for two thousand tons. It may be conceived what a sensation a beauty of these dimensions made in the country, and what eagerness of curiosity was manifested as the moment approached when, like a croco-

dile hatched in the sand, she was to be plunged into the element for which she was destined.

The moment did come—but *La Grande Française* would not stir. In vain the shipbuilders swore and coaxed by turns, buffeted her with their axes, and raised her up with their levers — *La Grande Française could* not stir. Even as the Vicar of Wakefield's picture was too large to go in, so she was too large to go out; and there she lay, a sign and a wonder to the time—a mockery of human ambition, and a monument to herself.

Havre became gradually a place of great importance, till at length the first consul made use of this remarkable expression:—"Paris, Rouen, and Havre are only a single town, of which the Seine is the main street." Before his visit, the unhappy Louis XVI. had entered the town amidst showers of flowers and cries of enthusiastic welcome. The following well-turned compliment was inscribed on the door of the custom-house:—

"Protecteur du commerce et des arts des Français,
Respecté sur les mers, adoré sur la terre,
Louis, en acceptant un impôt nécessaire
Ne reçoit en tributs que pour rendre en bienfaits."

Napoleon and Marie-Louise came in their turn, and the empress queen determined to gratify the Havrais by catching a fish (if the gods should make her so lucky) with her own imperio-

royal hand. Down dived the so-honored hook and line at one end of the boat, and down dived (secretly) a cunning fisherman at the other, with an immense fish between his teeth. Marie-Louise was successful. She fished up the fisherman's fish, to the joy and wonder of the spectators, and the diver received fifty pieces of gold for his ingenious gallantry.

Havre is one of the most agreeable of the English haunts in France. The new streets are clean, and even handsome; and the Place, in which there is an elegant theatre, gives an imposing air to the town. The view conveys an accurate idea of the quay where the steamboat adventurers land, and comprehends the space from the custom house to the *Hôtel de Ville*.

OH, IT WAS IN THE MOONLIGHT.

BY CHARLES SWAIN, ESQ.

OH, it was in the moonlight
We two walked forth alone ;
The silver softness wooed us
With magic of its own !

The moon, as if she loved us,
Seemed with us gliding on ;
And blended in her holy light
Our shadows into one !

Our shadows into one, my dear,
As if the heavens above
Beheld our hearts, and knew, though *two*,
They were made one by love !

The music of the silvery night
Enchanted all our way ; —
The very earth seemed dressed in white,
As for our bridal day !

As for our bridal day, my love,
The earth this gladness bore ;
For us the graceful trees and flowers
Their whitest favors wore ! —

And like an augury of love
To last till life had gone,
Our shadows in the moon's sweet light,
Our hearts and souls *seemed one!*

LINES

Written by a lady in Ohio, on receipt of a Flower, (the Trailing Arbutus,) from a friend in Massachusetts.

WELCOME, sweet flower of my native land—
The earliest gem of spring;
What visions of my early days,
My childhood's home, ye bring.

Bearing on your perfumed breath
Those haunting dreams that pour
Strange gladness through the bounding heart,
When winter's reign is o'er.

The music of the gushing streams,
Unbound from their icy chain,
And flashing in the cheering beams
Of the glorious sun again.

And every sound of joy that floats,
Borne on the soft spring air,
Is echoed in the silvery notes
Thy pink-tinged flow'rets bear.

And sweetly do thy petals tell
A tale of those groves to me,
As breathes the lip of the ocean shell
The sound of the murmur'ing sea.

On the sunny side of a gentle hill,
Where the brown moss just is peeping,
Beside a snow-wreath, ling'ring still,
Thy modest vine is creeping.

And looking up with a quiet smile,
From the frost and snow that bound thee,—
A lovely image of patient trust,
'Mid the chill and gloom around thee.

Rich in the hallowed memories
Of my childhood days ye are;
Rich in the spring-time melodies,
Whose thrilling tones ye bear.

Welcome, fair flow'ret, for ye come
With your own rich hues, to blend
All sounds of the joyous, waking earth,
With the cherished name of friend.

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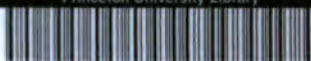
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